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FRESH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CURRENT LIFE.

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LOST IN THE CITY.

226

II Kings 23: 2; Rom. 10: 20; Luke 15: 5; Matt. 13: 46.

A newspaper writer recently remarked that a large department store might be fairly well stocked with the things which are lost in New York City every year. The surface and elevated lines of New York gather up thousands of articles, more or less valuable. The department stores, theaters, churches and other public places help to swell the list. The railway lines have found it necessary to establish regular museums and employ men to look after lost articles. Not a day passes but the newspapers contain advertisements for a bewildering variety of lost things, and yet the most serious losses never get into the newspapers. The men and women who, in the hurry and competition and temptations of the city, lose heart and courage; lose innocence and purity; lose reputation and character, do not advertise their losses. Only God knows how many men and women are lost in the city. The Church needs to be about its Master's business, seeking and saving the lost.

THE WRECKAGE OF RUM.

227

I Kings 2: 8-10; Prov. 1: 11; Rom. 14: 15; Hab. 2: 15.

The other day a notorious drunkard and one whom it was known that whiskey converted into a raving maniac, went forth from a licensed saloon, and began to run amuck in the street. The sheriff, hearing the alarm, hastened with a posse to arrest the madman. But he was armed as well as drunk, and shot the sheriff, who died in a few minutes. The murderer was lodged in jail. But the people were so excited that they threatened to lynch him. Yet no one thought of lynching the man who made him mad. He stood all the while at the door of the saloon, and looked upon the tragic scene as a mere spectator. He did not seem to realize, nor did his fellow citizens, that in the sight of God he was the real murderer. When the man who fired the fatal shot became sober, he said: "The sheriff was a good friend of mine. I am sorry that I shot him. I would not have done that under any provocation if I had not been drunk. The whiskey is to blame." There were at least three other parties who were to blame for that murder. First, the community who licensed the saloon keeper; second, the saloon keeper who sold him the whiskey; and finally, the man who drank the liquor which stole away his brains. All three were sinners in the matter.

THE SINGING SPIRIT.

228

Isa. 11: 6; Rom. 15: 9; Col. 3: 16.

"Jesus loves me, this I know."

Sweet and clear rang out the childish treble. It was on a horse-car. A little girl, between three and four years old, has been out visiting with her mother, and, being shy among strangers, has kept quiet till her prattling little tongue could stand it no longer. So, as soon as the horses began to trot, and the bells to jingle, she began—

"Jesus loves me, this I know,

For the Bible tells me so;

Little ones to him belong,

They are weak, but—"

The car stopped; so did the singer. Two or three passengers got in. Ding! ding! went the bell. Away went the car. Away went the singer—

"They are weak, but he is strong."

A smile went around the car, but the little one, kneeling on the seat, and looking out of the window, and therefore quite unconscious of it all, sang on—

"Yes, Jesus loves me!—Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so!"

The gentleman who relates the story says the perfume of that sweet song filled the whole car. Everybody smiled, every look of trouble or worry vanished from all faces. Every Christian ought to go through the world in that spirit, leaving sunshine and not shadows as they go.

THE THINGS THAT ARE LEFT.

229

Eph. 1: 16; I Cor. 15: 57; II Thess. 1: 3; Matt. 26: 27.

A merchant returned home one evening and exclaimed: "I have lost all; everything is gone." It was a bitter blow to the wife, who stood before him in silent sadness. Ruined! It is a terrible word to have to speak. But his little daughter, throwing her arms around his neck, said, in her sweet simplicity, "Why, papa, you have me left, and mamma, too." The strong man wept in thanksgiving. He had forgotten how rich he was. It is always a great safety valve at any time of loss to take account of the things that remain. God is always left. The love and friendship of true hearts always abides. The privilege of being unselfish and of ministering in kindness to others is still ours in any emergency. These three things alone will make any life happy.

LIGHT AND SHADOW BOTH NECESSARY.

230

I Pet. 4: 12; I Pet. 1: 7; II Tim. 2: 3.

Sometimes when we are very prosperous and very happy we wish the bright days would remain just as they are always. But it is a very unwise wish, and the happiness would cease if it were answered. Joy wears us out almost as quick as sorrow. Nobody could endure an abiding rapturous condition. If you hold a rose too long you will kill it. Better drop it into the refreshing water in the vase than watch it die in your hot feverish hand. I have never yet seen six weeks of beautiful clear days, with perfect sunshine, anywhere, but what everybody was crying for rain. Some poet sings:

I thank Thee, Lord, that all my joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that Earth's bliss may be my guide
And not my chain.

SOOTHING THE SOUL.

231

Matt. 11: 28-30; Heb. 2: 18; John 14: 18.

John McNeil describes in a graphic and characteristic way the tenderness of Christ in soothing and comforting the discouraged Christian worker. He says: "Have you noticed that the engine-driver in charge of a train, when he stops at a station, pays hardly any attention to the traffic at the station, no attention to the passengers—whether some millionaire is traveling or not? But when the train stops he is out with the oil-flask, lifting the little brass covers, and pouring in a few drops in one place, then another, to prevent friction and to make everything work easily; for friction means breakdown, and breakdown may mean disaster. So with Christ. Are you, my brother, the engine pulling and tugging away at some church in a backwoods district or in a godless town? My sister, are you an engine, in your own way pulling and tugging at some Bible class or Sabbath school, or tract distribution in some wretched slum? You do not mean to give it up, but you feel as if the wheels are barely turning. You are making nothing of it. Think of this: The Lord looks after the engine specially. He comes with the oil of comfort and pours it on your overheated spirit."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE LOST SHEEP.

232

Heb. 13: 5; John 14: 18; I Pet. 1: 7.

In the life of Dr. Moody Stewart, the story is told that when a boy, he was greatly surprised one day to find all the sheep in the field standing close in a circle with their faces outward. Two foxes had run off with two lambs and the sheep at once drove the lambs together and formed a circle around them for their defense. A gentleman commenting on this story recalls the fact that wild horses and wild deer do that when attacked by wolves. Sheep were probably once quite wild, and in their wild state they were far stronger and braver than they are now. In great danger their original nature rushes upon them and arms them for the defense of their lambs. If the sheep risk their lives for the sake of their lambs, surely the Good Shepherd will defend his own. Again and again he tells us that he laid down his life for the sheep. His sheep were lost in the wilderness, ready to perish, and he went into the wilderness to seek and to save them. And he counts even one sheep well worth saving. He leaves the ninety and nine in the fold, and goes after the one that has strayed. He cares for each as if it were his one ewe lamb.

THE WISE USE OF MONEY.

233

Deut. 32: 15; Luke 12: 15; I Tim. 6: 9; I John 3: 17.

Some time ago, a New York millionaire sat by his window, knowing that the hour of his death was drawing near, and, seeing a street-sweeper at work below, said: "I would give every penny of my fortune if I could change places with that man—if I could have my health back again. I have worked hard during my life and have saved every dollar that I could. And now it is hard to think that I have got to die and leave it all behind." Evidently this man was in the same condition of that rich farmer whom Jesus tells us about, who meant to store up his goods to feed his soul on, and whom God declared to be a fool. If this man had made wise and loving use of his money to bless the world during his lifetime, he would not have had this lament at his death, "Now it is hard to think I have to die and leave it all behind."

THE TRAGEDY OF LITTLE SINS.

234

Rom. 14: 23; Ps. 90: 8; I Tim. 5: 24.

A mountain eagle, near Gunnison, Colorado, which had been feasting on rabbits, recently met its match. Ferrets have been brought into the valley to kill rabbits. The eagle swooped down upon a ferret. The ferret caught the eagle by the throat and the bird flew far into the air. Only a few minutes elapsed when the eagle came tumbling down. The ranchman who had watched the mid-air battle, ran over to the fallen bird and found it dead. The ferret had bitten through the throat, and was still clinging to the bird. Many a man has taken some secret sin to his bosom, thinking it so small and easily hidden that there would be no danger, but the sin, like the ferret, has sharp teeth, and to cherish it means certain disaster.

THE LOVE OF BEAUTY.

235

Ps. 51: 5; Gal. 3: 22; Ps. 96: 6.

An experiment is being tried in the poorest and most degraded quarters of London, of seeking to arouse an interest in art. The result is very gratifying. The Whitechapel Art Gallery is justifying itself in a way that is surprising some of its keenest supporters. During the first month, an average of about ten thousand people a day visited the gallery, and the people show the most intense interest in the pictures. The fact is, human nature is a good deal alike everywhere, and the love of beauty, and the longing for knowledge, as well as the possibility of goodness, are in every man and woman. Man does not belong to the devil. He is only an invader.

A WORLD OF TRIAL.

236

Matt. 6: 13; II Pet. 2: 14; Jas. 1: 15.

It is recorded that some years ago a ship, in whose timbers a colony of rats had its abode, went down off Sable Island, and the rats succeeded in getting ashore. Before long they had multiplied to such an extent as to have become a source of danger to the settlers, but it was not until they had well-nigh destroyed all the food supplies on the island, and had brought the settlers face to face with starvation, that the latter bethought themselves and imported some Nova Scotia cats, which kept the pest in check until a passing ship left a pair of foxes on the island. That was the beginning of the end of both rats and cats. The foxes soon overran the island. They killed not only the rats but the cats as well, and how best to deal with the foxes, is now under consideration of the government. This is a world of trial. A man is always getting out of one difficulty at the expense of another. Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but the one condition of existence.

THE SECRET CHAMBERS.

237

Ps. 19: 12; Rom. 2: 16; John 19: 38.

Secret panels, which were so common in old-time houses, are becoming common in present-day ones. Safe concealment of valuables from possible thieves is the most usual reason for constructing these elaborate secret cupboards and even chambers. In the A. T. Stewart mansion, recently torn down to make room for a bachelor apartment house, there was a curious vault, a kind of mezzanine gallery, almost totally dark, between the third and fourth floors, which surprised the masons in tearing down the house. This, however, was an unusually elaborate and secret chamber. These secret chambers in modern houses suggest the far more carefully hidden chambers in the souls of the people who dwell in them. And yet, nothing is really hidden there. We may hide from the eye of man, but God sees into all the secret places of the soul, and He judges by the heart and not by the outward appearance.

HUMAN SHAGS.

238

Isa. 55: 2; Hab. 2: 15; Matt. 12: 29.

A young traveler in Louisiana thinks he has found the most stupid creature on the earth. It is an aquatic fowl with big, clumsy looking beak, and with a form something like the dodo, now extinct. The people call them shags. They generally squat on stumps or logs in a lake and watch for the smaller fish that play around the surface of the water. They are

fairly clever in catching what they want, and they throw out their bill with considerable precision when they gig for game. But they never get to eat what they catch until they have fed at least one and maybe more than one member of another kind of water fowl. Whenever a shag begins to catch fish, a long-legged, long-necked water hen will take a place immediately behind him. When the shag lands a fish, the water hen simply reaches over and gets it. Without any show of resentment, and without turning around, the shag will continue its watch for fish, and this is kept up until the water hen has finished her meal and then, if no other enterprising member of the same tribe comes along, the shag is permitted to enjoy the product of his efforts. I have seen men like that who worked hard providing a good livelihood, but the saloon keeper, who stood behind them, reached over and took the wages every Saturday night. But the poor shag of a man just went on gathering up another week's wages to have the saloon keeper reach over and take it again. Is it not strange that any man could be duped into being a shag a second time?

FOUNDING A RACE OF GIANTS.

239

Gen. 6: 4; John 6: 63.

A wealthy man has bequeathed to the town of Rouen, France, a fund to dower unusually tall couples who may marry and claim the money. Frederick William I of Prussia, with his famous Potsdam Guard of giants, gathered—and sometimes kidnapped—from every part of the world, tried a similar experiment. Once on meeting a country maid, of giant form, trudging toward the town, he scrawled a note and requested her to deliver it to the officer in command at the barracks. The frightened girl discovered that it was an order to marry her at once to the tallest grenadier in the regiment. What Frederick William failed to accomplish will hardly be accomplished by the philanthropist of Rouen. Christianity has a nobler purpose in seeking to found in the world a race of moral giants. Christ's purpose is to so exalt the thought and purposes of men that the entire race shall become lofty-souled.

FALSE SIGNALS.

240

Matt. 20: 28; John 16: 33.

An accident occurred not long since in the upper part of New York City, by the failure of the bridge tender to set the proper signals. The engineer noticing that the signals were set "All right," proceeded toward the bridge over the Bronx river. Just before the train reached the bridge the engineer saw that the draw was open, and, not having time to stop his train, applied the air brakes, and the engine plunged overboard into the mud. Every one of us are setting signals which influence the conduct of other people every day of our lives. It is a terrible thing to set a false signal, or by our indifference or neglect, fail to hang out the true signal which would make our lives a safe guide to the people who know us.

THE TWO RELIGIONS.

241

I Sam. 2: 19; Mark 10: 14; Mark 9: 37.

The importance of making our religion attractive is set forth in a graphic way in these verses:

A woman sat by a hearthside place
Reading a book, with a pleasant face,
Till a child came up with a childish frown
And pushed the book, saying "Put it down."
Then the mother, slapping his curly head,
Said, "Troublesome child, go off to bed;
A great deal of Christ's life I must know
To train you up as a child should go."
And the child went off to bed to cry
And denounce religion—by and by.

Another woman bent o'er a book
With a smile of joy and an intent look,
Till a child came up and jogged her knee,
And said of the book, "Put it down—take me."
Then the mother sighed as she stroked his head,
Saying softly, "I never shall get it read;
But I'll try by loving to learn His will,
And His love into my child instill."
That child went to bed without a sigh
And will love religion—by and by.

ANSWERED PRAYERS.

242

Matt. 15: 22; Heb. 13: 18; Matt. 6: 6.

It often happens that prayers of parents for their children are answered long after the loving pleaders have gone home to Heaven. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler tells how a certain Captain K— sailed on his last sea voyage he left a prayer for his little boy written out and deposited in an oaken chest. After his death at sea, his widow locked up the chest, and

when she was on her dying bed she gave the key to their son. He grew up a licentious and dissolute man. When he reached middle life he determined to open that chest, out of mere curiosity. He found in it a paper, on the outside of which was written, "the prayer of M— K— for his wife and child." He read the prayer, put it back into the chest, but could not lock it out of his troubled heart. It burned there like a live coal. He became so distressed that the woman whom he was living with as his mistress thought he was becoming deranged. He broke down in penitence, cried to God for mercy, and making the woman his legal wife, began a new life of prayer and obedience to God's commandments. And so God proved to be the rewarder of a faith that had been hidden away in a secret place a half a century before.

A FAITHFUL WIFE REWARDED.

243

Dan. 6: 10; II Tim. 4: 16; Job 22: 7.

Dr. Cuyler tells of an excellent woman who was at one time a member of his congregation, who was for a long time anxious for the conversion of her husband. She endeavored to make her own Christian life very attractive to him—a very important point, too often neglected. On a certain Sabbath she shut herself up and spent much of the day in beseeching prayers that God would touch her husband's heart. She said nothing to her husband; but took the case straight up to throne of grace. The next day, when she opened her Bible to conduct family worship, according to her custom, he came and took the book out of her hands and said, "Wifey, it is about time that I did this," and he read the chapter himself. Before another week passed away, the man not only did the reading, but the praying himself, and in less than a month was received into the church.

(See page 464 for continuance of illustrations in Banks' Sermons.)

BALLOTS FOR THE

(SEE PAGE 477.)

Best One Hundred Sermons of the Nineteenth Century.

Every subscriber to Current Anecdotes has one vote, and every one voting will receive the list of one hundred sermons that receive the highest number of votes.

We give herewith a list of eight that may help you to remember what you think are the best ten sermons of the Nineteenth Century that you have read or heard.

"To the Poor the Gospel is Preached," by John M. Mason. Selected by A. T. Pierson and Kerr Boyce Tupper.

"Ideal Christianity," or "What is Christ to me," by Beecher. Selected by Russell Conwell and F. W. Gunsaulus.

"The Candle of the Lord," by Phillips Brooks. Selected by President Bashford and President Thwing.

"Religion of the Common Place," by J. Caird. Selected by Geo. C. Lorimer and Prest. Barrows.

"Expulsive Power of a New Affection," by Chalmers. Selected by Kerr Boyce Tupper and Prest. McClure.

"Modern Infidelity," by Robert Hall. Selected by F. W. Gunsaulus, A. T. Pierson and Kerr Boyce Tupper.

"Conscience," by Prof. Park. Selected by Joseph Cook and President Barrows.

"Obedience," by F. W. Robertson. Selected by Kerr Boyce Tupper and Prest. McClure.

(USE THIS BLANK IN VOTING.) Editor Current Anecdotes: I regard the following,

in the order named, the best ten sermons of the Nineteenth Century:

No.	TITLE.	Name of preacher.	If published. Where?	Text, if you know it.
1				
2				
3				
4				
5				
6				
7				
8				
9				
10				

Name

Address

You need not hesitate to vote for sermons that have not been published.

You may if you wish submit manuscript of what you consider your own best sermon, or the best sermon that some friend has preached.

We have met with the heartiest response from the leading preachers and college presidents in the United States, and even from England, and an early response from you will be thankfully received.

Sincerely,

F. M. BARTON, Editor Current Anecdotes, CLEVELAND, O.

UNUSUAL.

THE NORTH POLE.

Teacher—Tommy, where is the North Pole?

Tommy—Don't know.

Teacher—You don't know?

Tommy—No'm. If Peary and Nansen and all those couldn't find it, how do you expect me to know where it is?—Harvard Lampoon.

A hot-tempered down-east parson was for some time disturbed by the members of the choir. Finally he found a way of quieting them. After the long prayer one Sunday he announced a hymn, as usual, and added:

"I hope the entire congregation will join in singing this grand old hymn; and I know the choir will, for I heard them humming it during the prayer."

PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC.

An Allison school teacher recently received this note: "Sir,—Will you please for the future give my sun easier somes to do at nights. This is what he's brought hoam to or three nites back: 'If fore gallons of bere will fill thirty to pint boottles, how many pints and half bottles will nine gallins of bere fill?' Wel we tried and could make nothing out of it at all and my boy cried and sed he dident dare go back in the mornins without doin' it. So I had to go and buy a nine-gallin keg of bere, which I could ill afford to do and then he went and borrowed a lot of wine and brandy bottles, and then counted them and there were 19, and my boy put the number down for an answer. I don't know whether it is rite or not, as we spilt some while doing it. P. S.—Please let the next some be in water, as I am not able to buy more bere."

LONG SLEEPERS.

The American in England affords matter for much perplexity and astonishment to his English kinsmen. One of our countrymen was being shown an old church, wherein hundreds of people were buried.

"A great many people sleep between these walls," said the guide, indicating the inscription-covered floor with a sweep of his hand.

"So?" said the American; "same way over in our country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher?"

ANONYMOUS.

One day Mr. Beecher opened a letter in his pulpit, according to his custom, which he found contained a single word, "Fool."

He mentioned the fact to his congregation, and then quietly added:

"Now, I have known many an instance of a man writing a letter and forgetting to sign his name, but this is the only instance I have ever known of a man signing his name without writing the letter."

SOME TEXTS.

"The new minister is always the object of much curiosity, and his congregations on the first Sunday are always large. On one occasion the newly-appointed minister did not

exhibit much modesty, for he exhorted his hearers to 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come.' A Church of England clergyman was still more conscious of the unworthiness of his predecessors, for his first sermon in a new parish was based on the words, 'All that came before me were robbers and thieves.' Another person delivered his sermon in a new church from the text, 'Never man spake like this man.'"

CHEEPIN' THE HYMN.

One Sunday the minister of a small country parish church had the misfortune to forget his sermon, and did not discover his loss till he reached the church. Suddenly an idea struck him. He sent for John, the beadle, and instructed him to give out Psalm cxix, (containing 176 verses), while he hurried home for his sermon. On his journey back to the church he saw the faithful beadle standing at the church door, waving his arms and urging him to hurry. On reaching the door he exclaimed, "Are they all singing yet, John?" "Ay, sir," replied John, "they're at it yet, but they're cheepin' like sparrows."

DICKENS' WORKS.

A bookseller in Cleveland advertised for a porter. There were plenty of applicants, among them a big, muscular Irishman, who walked into the shop and glanced round rather uncertainly. Finally his eye rested on a big sign suspended high above the floor over a table filled with books: "Dickens' works all this week for four dollars."

The Irishman read it, scratched his head thoughtfully, and then edged towards the front doors. The floor walker stopped him and asked pleasantly if there was something he wanted, and the applicant remarked, with a backward glance toward the sign:

"Oi come in t' git th' job, but Oi'll not care f'r it. Dickens kin worruk all th' week f'r four dollars if he wants to. Oi'll not. Ye'd better kape him." And the visitor strode vigorously out.—Youth's Companion.

Teacher—What do you know about the early Christians?

Tommy—Our girl is one of 'em. She gets up in the morning and goes to church before breakfast.—Indianapolis Journal.

"What is an epistle?" asked a Sunday school teacher. There was a pause, and then a solitary hand went up.

"I know, teacher."

"Well, my dear?"

"The wife of an apostle, teacher."

"He can take the Bible apart as good as any man I ever seed," said a colored gentleman, in criticism of his pastor, "but he can't put it together again."

A five-year-old boy who could not keep awake through a long sermon suddenly became wide awake, and noticing that the minister was still preaching, inquired, "Mother, is it this Sunday or next Sunday?"

FOR PATRIOTIC ADDRESSES.

The Young People's Weekly wrote some time since to a number of leading men asking what was their ideal of patriotism. Several of the replies are given:

STALWART YOUTH AND STURDY YOUNG MEN.

I have a notion that children are about the only people we can do anything for. When we get to be men and women we are either spoiled or improved. Let us learn in youth that there are two sides to American citizenship. One is the peaceful enjoyment of our homes and of the state, and an honorable participation in civic duties; the other is the display of those rugged qualities of citizenship which make some who are humble and some who are great willing to give their lives to their country. If we are to have peaceful times we must also have in young men who are growing up a stalwart youth and a sturdy manhood, that will not fear to die for the flag and the constitution.—Ex-Prest. Benj. Harrison.

CATCHING THE SPIRIT OF HEROES.

The most powerful influence affecting the ideals held by youth is that of personality. Every child who thoroughly studies the lives of our patriotic leaders is sure to be impressed with interest in our country and with desire to perpetuate her glories. We do well to keep prominently before the thought of all developing souls the unselfishness of Washington, the burden-bearing of Lincoln, and the notable traits of all others of our national heroes. I believe that as we close the present century and enter the new century, our American youth are catching the spirit of admiration for our essential principles as never before, and I foresee an accumulation of patriotism in our nation as time goes on, through appreciation of the noble personalities in whom our distinctive life has found such forceful expression.—Prest. James E. K. McClure.

BROAD INFLUENCE OF TRUTH.

Patriotism implies a fatherland to love, to save and to serve. No fatherland is safe which is not under the broad influence of the truth spoken by Him who revealed in Himself the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. This alone will save the flag, because this alone wove its stripes and stars. The revival of patriotism means a revival of practical Christianity.—F. W. Gunsaulus.

DEVOTION TO THE GREAT MASTER.

"What are the patriotic ideals for American youth?" I should answer this question by saying: Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Thomas and McPherson. Still, notwithstanding the magnificent ability of Washington and his Christian character well rounded out, you feel that you need to add to him more enthusiasm, more loving kindness and better developed spirituality. These qualities can be found in other mortals. The mind will easily supply from history other names for each element of character—for example, Wesley for enthusiasm and spirituality. Perhaps no man manifested loving kindness in a larger proportion than Abraham Lincoln in his sphere and

Livingstone in his. How can we best instill these ideals? I think by a careful study of the models and the practice with assiduity of their virtues. Before all, however, one ought to be sure to have his soul converted, giving his whole heart to the Great Master, the epitome of all samples of human completeness.—Gen. O. O. Howard.

TRAITORS.

When an unexpected raid was made on a gambling-den in New York City not long ago, among the victims who were arrested were eight policemen and the president of the board of public improvements, a leading Tammany politician. This shows how futile will be any attempt to reform the metropolis till a correct public sentiment acts through the ballot-box and installs a city administration which is not smeared from head to foot with the filth of open immorality.

INSPIRING MOTTOES.

Richard Watson Gilder, the poet editor of The Century, has written a series of eloquent and noble inscriptions which are used on the Triumphal Bridge and the Stadium at the Pan-American Exposition. They are as follows:

"Not ignoble are the days of peace, not without courage and laurelled victories."

"He who fails bravely has not truly failed, but is himself also a conqueror."

"Who shuns the dust and sweat of the contest, on his brow falls not the cool shade of the olive."

"The spirit of adventure is the maker of commonwealths."

"Freedom is but the first lesson in self-government."

"Religious tolerance a safeguard of civil liberty."

"A free state exists only in the virtue of the citizen."

"Who gives wisely builds manhood and the state—who gives himself gives best."

"To love one's country above all others is not to despise all others."

"The brotherhood of man—the federation of nations—the peace of the world."

"Between nation and nation, as between man and man, lives the one law of right."

JINGOISM.

It is a Methodist brother, and a minister, too, in whose view the following lines set off the spirit of the times in Church and State, as illustrated in the fanfare of the former and the relentless greed of the latter:

"Thy Kingdom come!"

"With life and drum!"

"Thy will be done!"

"With Maxim gun!"

"MAKING OF HIS SOUL."

In his letter to the people of Pittsburg in which Mr. Andrew Carnegie announced the carrying out of his long-cherished wish to retire early from active business life, he writes this beautiful utterance:

"The fathers in olden days taught that a

man should have time before the end of his career for the 'making of his soul.' I have always felt that old age should be spent, not, as the Scotch say, in 'making mickle mair,' but in making a good use of what has been acquired; and I hope my friends of Pittsburg will approve of my action in retiring while still in full health and vigor, and I can reasonably expect many years for usefulness in fields which have other than personal aims."

THE BOYS GO MARCHING BY.

Doesn't it thrill a fellow—make a glitter in his eye
And a fidget in his footsteps—when the boys
go marching by?
Old mem'ries throng around him—with no regret or sigh
He hails the shining columns as the boys go
marching by!

He seems to hear the rattle of the rifles once again,
As in the days God's daisies were reddened by the rain,
The clamor of the captains—the charge and the retreat,
And thinks of Love that listens for unreturning feet.

Doesn't it thrill a fellow? Wrinkled and gray he stands;
But O! the gleam o' the bayonets, and the banners and the bands!
The white hair falling over the brows of the old-time braves,
As they answer to the roll-call over their comrades' graves.

Love of a common country; Peace on the plain and hill;
And peace where the boys are marching to the far tents, white and still.
North and South in the Union, and never a tear or sigh;
But doesn't it thrill a fellow when the boys go marching by!

Frank L. Stanton, in Collier's Weekly.

THE IDEAL CITY.

What makes a city great and strong?
Not architecture's graceful strength,
Not factories' extended length,
But men who see the civil wrong,
And give their lives to make it right,
And turn its darkness into light.

What makes a city full of power?
Not wealth's display nor titled fame,
Not fashion's loudly boasted claim,
But women rich in virtue's dower,
Whose homes, though humble, still are great,
Because of service to the State.

What makes a city men can love?
Not things that charm the outward sense,
Not gross display of opulence,
But right, that wrong cannot remove,
And truth, that faces civic fraud,
And smites it in the name of God.

This is a city that shall stand,
A Light upon a nation's hill;
A Voice that evil cannot still.
A source of blessing to the land;
Its strength, not brick, nor stone, nor wood,
But Justice, Love and Brotherhood.

—Rev. Charles M. Sheldon.

Teacher—John, illustrate the difference between sit and set.

Bright and Patriotic Boy—The United States is a country on which the sun never sets and the rest of the world never sits.

MOTHERS' PATRIOTISM.

General Sherman said that war was hell. The Y. M. C. A. army work has gone into the midst of it, and kept many Christian young men from back sliding, and saved many who were not Christians. The following incidents, given by Thos. K. Cree in the Sunday School Times, illustrate how Christianity strengthens patriotism:

At one of the camps, a boy of seventeen came to the Association tent with a letter, and as he spoke to the secretary a lock of hair dropped out. Picking it up he said, "This is a lock of my mother's hair which she has just sent me," and, pointing to his watch-guard, continued, "This was made from my mother's hair before I left home." One was a glossy black, and the other was mixed with gray. He told that he was his mother's only child, and that he enlisted contrary to her wish, but since he left home she had written very often, and always spoke of him as "her brave soldier boy,"—but her heart was breaking. The secretary encouraged and comforted the weeping boy, and the story coming to the commanding officer, the boy's discharge was secured, and he was sent back to comfort his mother.

SETTLED.

A secretary, on one of his rounds, spoke to a sick boy, who, in replying, addressed him as "Chaplain." Finding he was disposed to talk, the secretary opened a conversation with him. The boy soon unburdened himself, telling that his parents were Christian people, but that he had gotten into evil ways, and had enlisted without their consent. The conversation soon turned to religious matters, and the secretary told the simple gospel story that only on acceptance of and trust in Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour was necessary to his salvation. As he left him, the boy said, "Well, Chaplain, I am now trusting Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. I have the typhoid fever, and it is possible that I may be delirious, but, whatever comes, I want you to know that I have settled this matter." The day following, the secretary had another chat with the boy, who repeated, as he left him, "Now remember, Chaplain, whatever comes, I am trusting Christ as my personal Saviour." A day or two after the cot was empty, and the boy had gone to his rest.

HOMILETIC DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.

Author of "Synthetic Bible Studies."

I.

THE SYNTHETIC STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

In pursuance of an implied promise to speak of the best way for beginners to study the Bible, I offer no apology for quoting a portion of the "Introduction" to my own work, "Synthetic Bible Studies," published by F. M. Barton, Cleveland. I do this because I believe the method therein exemplified is the best, and because in the introduction referred to I have said my best word about it.

The Synthetic study of the Bible means the study of the Bible as a whole, and as seen in its relation to the other books.

The word "Synthesis" has the opposite meaning to "Analysis." When we analyze a subject we take it apart and consider it in its various elements, but when we synthesize it we put it together and consider it as a whole.

The value of the plan may be illustrated in different ways. Suppose you were about to study history, you would find it desirable to read first an outline of the world's history, a single volume, say, a small book, but one which would give you almost at a single glance a comprehensive survey of the whole field. The impression might be dim, but you would feel a satisfaction, a sense of power in knowing that your eye had swept the horizon, and that afterwards everything you saw would be within those limits. Then you would take up in their order each of the three great divisions of history, ancient, mediæval and modern, and study or read them more particularly. Following this you would concentrate your attention on one division, multiplying the books read, but limiting the range of thought and focusing the mind upon some special period or nation. It is thus you would become a master of the subject.

I have read of an English mountain climber who, whenever exploring a new region, always ascends the highest summit first. He thus gathers a bird's eye view of the whole section, and can pursue the investigation of the lower levels with an understanding of their relativity that strengthens his grasp of the situation with every movement he makes. That plan needs to be applied for successful Bible study. Let us use the telescope first and the microscope afterwards.

But now, how shall one go about it? What is the synthetic method? It has been said that it is simply the study of the Bible as a whole, and each book as a whole, and as seen in its relation to the other books, but there are certain rules to be observed in the process. For example, begin when God began, at Genesis, and *read the book*, not study or memorize it, but merely read it. Do not start with the thought that a tremendous and dreary task lies before you, but a very ordinary and pleasant one. Reading is not difficult to most people, and that is the first thing desired. But secondly, read the book *continuously*. Do not observe the divisions into chapters, or verses

or anything of that sort, but when you have begun the reading endeavor to finish the book at a single sitting. This is necessary to catch its central thought, around which the secondary thoughts or facts naturally group themselves. Third, read it *repeatedly*. You may discover nothing in particular on the first reading, but something will come into view on the second, more on the third, still more on the fourth, and so on, until at last the whole of the outline of its leading facts will have become your possession. Fourth, read it *independently*. Do not fly off to the Commentary, and the Bible Handbook, and other helps of that sort, until you have read the book sufficiently to have an outline of your own. After that the helps may be very useful, but before they are only crutches, keeping your feet from the ground and hindering you in learning how to walk alone. Finally, read it *prayerfully*. The Bible cannot be studied just like any other book. It is unlike any other. "No written prophecy ever came in old time by the will of man, but holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." "It is the Spirit's Bible! Copyright every word, He is the only Author, only His thoughts are heard."

And only He can illuminate its pages, or enlighten our understandings, or sanctify our hearts in the reading of it. Punctuate every book, chapter and verse with prayer for His guidance and aid, and what progress will be made in reaching down into its depths and scaling its heights! Coleridge said: "The Bible without the Holy Spirit is a sun-dial by moonlight," and a greater than he said: "We have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God" (1 Corinthians 2: 12), and these things, though written in the Bible and read by us, cannot be known without Him. Try this simple plan earnestly and persistently for a while, and see the wonders it will effect in your life and work!

Just to interest you a little more and get you lovingly wedded to the idea, let me tell you some of the results this plan of Bible study has wrought. You will forgive a personal allusion, I trust. It is about twelve years since the Holy Spirit impressed it upon my attention in answer to long continued prayer for light upon the subject. The whole story would not be uninteresting were there time to tell it, but I can only say that from that day to this the blessing that has followed me has been like the mountain stream that increases as it flows towards the great ocean. First there came a strengthening of conviction as to the infallibility of the Bible—every part of it, and this was followed by a deepening of my own inner spiritual life, then a broadening of my whole mental vision so that I came to have an interest in the pursuit of related studies such as never before, and finally a lightening of my labors in the ministry that made previous drudgery a present delight.

Oh, how easy it is to get sermons, and how rich, and helpful and attractive they are to both sinners and saints when you know how to find them in the Bible! Here is a hint surely not only to pastors and evangelists, but Christian workers of all classes who have religious talks and addresses to make, and public meetings to conduct. How glad you are to do it, but how difficult and unsatisfactory the work seems! How you long to get hold of the Word of God in such a way as to put yourself and others at ease in engaging in such service!

Shortly after applying this method of Bible study in my own case I began to experiment on others, some theological students who were under my care, with like blessed results. Then the plan became introduced to different Bible institutes and at least one theological seminary in the land. Here two classes of minds were met; those which had a university training and others which had scarcely more than a common school education, but the effect was just the same in either case, and now not only hundreds but thousands of such students, some of them in the uttermost parts of the earth, are praising God for having revealed to them His Word in this simple way.

II.

SERMONIC HINTS FOR THE VACATION SEASON.

The Preservation of the Sabbath.—We all know that the summer season is the time of multiplied temptations to disregard the sanctity of the Sabbath, laying the greater obligations upon pastors to set forth its claims upon the people. Perhaps the best thing I can do to help is to suggest literature on the subject. Rev. R. A. Torrey's "Ought Christians to Keep the Sabbath," published by Revell, 15 cents, is a very clear and scriptural presentation of the subject of which it treats, being directed especially against the claims of the Seventh Day view of the Sabbath.

Another good book is entitled, "The Lord's Day: Its Universal and Perpetual Obligation," by A. E. Waffle, M. A., published by the American S. S. Union (\$1.00). This book secured the one thousand dollar prize offered by its publishers. The proposition of its author is "that the Sabbath originated in a law of Jehovah; that it was meant for all men; and that the obligation to observe it is perpetual." To establish this proposition, the subject is examined under three heads. I. Necessity of the Sabbath for man's (a) physical, (b) intellectual, (c) moral, and (d) social welfare. II. The Sabbath of the Bible was made for all men as shown by its (a) early institution, (b) the command to keep it being part of the moral law, while (c) that law has never been repealed, but (d) reinforced by the establishment of the Christian Sabbath upon apostolic authority with the consent of the early Church, and as shown by the writings of the fathers. In Part III, the nature and importance of the Sabbath is investigated by a consideration (a) of the grounds of the obligation to keep the Lord's Day (b) by the laws of the Jewish Sabbath, and (c) the Lord's Day as freed from Jewish glosses by Christ, and made the Christian's day of rest and religious worship—the type of heaven's blessedness. The subject

is brought to an end in this third part by very important chapters on (d) the proper method of observing the Lord's Day, and (e) our obligations respecting it. In several appendixes much important statistical and confirmatory matter is included. The above outline of the book is given with the thought that it may furnish the nucleus of a sermon, even though the book itself cannot be conveniently procured.

Other literature on the subject from different points of view can be obtained from the following sources:

1. W. Hathaway, D. D., New York, General Secretary of the American Sabbath Union.

Edward Thomson, D. D., L. L. D., Atlanta, Ga., General Manager of the Sunday League of America.

Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph. D., Washington, D. C., Supt. National Reform Bureau.

M. D. Kneeland, D. D., Boston, Mass., Secretary New England Sabbath Protective Society.

Rev. T. T. Mutchler, Philadelphia, Pa., Corresponding Secretary Philadelphia Sabbath Association.

Rev. J. B. Davison, Milwaukee, Wis., Secretary Wisconsin Sabbath Association.

Mrs. Mary E. James, Brooklyn, N. Y., President Woman's National Sabbath Alliance.

Mrs. Varila F. Cox, Tabor, N. J., Supt. Sabbath Observance Department National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

* * * *

Defenders of the Sabbath.—There follow a few "catchy" paragraphs from the columns of a monthly magazine devoted to the defense of Sunday as a day of rest, which may be found useful for Homiletic purposes:

At the very foundation of good citizenship is a proper regard for the laws and customs which guard the Lord's day. A justice of the Supreme Court recently said:

"The Lord's day is the outwork of Christianity. It must be protected at all hazards in the interests of the individual, the family, the church and the nation."

To Archbishop Corrigan, of the Roman Catholic church, is attributed this significant utterance:

"Do not be scared by the chimera of a Puritan Sunday. Let us not cast away the Sunday of our fathers under which God has prospered us beyond all nations of the earth and put in its place the continental Sunday which has been productive of so little good and of so much evil, that the most thoughtful Europeans are at present trying to cast it away before it is demoralizing."

A Jewish liberal deputy, Dr. Lowe of Berlin, said in the German parliament:

"I have had occasion in my career as a physician to visit more than 9,000 workmen who worked on Sundays in their shops or at their homes, and I have it in proof that Sunday labor has the most disastrous effect."

The best summary which we have seen of the objections which good citizens make to Sunday sports is found in *Harper's Weekly*. It reads:

"Bicycle racing on Sunday is no more to be

tolerated than horse racing and should be prohibited by state law. It is not that racing on the bicycle is in itself more offensive than riding for exercise or diversion, but it is the objectionable crowd attracted by Sunday racing, the betting and excitement, the brawling disregard of the consecrated traditions of the day."

Count Montalembert, one of the most eminent French statesmen, said:

"Men are surprised sometimes by the ease with which the immense city of London is kept in order by a garrison of three small battalions and two squadrons; while to control the capital of France, which is half the size, forty thousand troops of the line and sixty thousand national guards are necessary. But the stranger who arrives in London on a Sunday morning, when he sees everything of commerce suspended in that gigantic capital in obedience to God; when in the center of that colossal business, he finds silence and repose scarcely interrupted by the bells which call to prayer, and the immense crowd on their way to church, then his astonishment ceases. He understands that there is another curb for a Christian people besides that of bayonets, and that where the law of God is fulfilled with such a solemn submissiveness. God himself, if I dare use the words, charges himself with the police arrangements."

* * * *

"*George Herbert's Hymn.*—Those who may not have easy access to George Herbert's great hymn or poem on "Sunday," will appreciate the following selections from it. George Herbert was born at Wales in 1593, and after graduating from Trinity College, was appointed rector of Bemerton. He was noted for holiness of character and faithfulness to duty.

O day most calm, most bright,

The fruit of this, the next world's bud,

The indorsement of supreme delight,

Writ by a Friend, and with his blood;

The couch of time, care's balm and balm!

The week were dark, but for thy light!

Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou

Make up one man, whose face thou art,

Knocking at heaven with thy brow;

The working-days are the back part;

The burden of the week lies there,

Making the whole to stoop and bow

Till thy release appear.

Sundays the pillars are,

On which heaven's palace arched lies,

The other days fill up the spare

And hollow room with vanities.

They are the fruitful beds and borders

Of God's rich garden: that is bare

Which parts their ranks and orders.

Thou art a day of mirth;

And where the week-days trail on ground,

Thy flight is higher, as thy birth;

Oh, let me take thee at the bound,

Leaping with thee from seven to seven,

Till that we both, being tossed from earth,

Fly hand in hand to heaven!

Migratory Members.—An editorial with this title in *The Watchman*, the substance of which follows, will furnish a very suitable and important theme for a discourse *apropos* to the vacation season:

"This is the season for the migration of households to the country. There is reason to believe that few give much thought or make inquiry as to church-privileges, or, indeed, consider the relation a new abode may have to their religious life. Most of those who intend to spend a summer in the country would be surprised at an intimation that they should give any thought as to the means of grace for themselves, or think of any service they can render to the cause of Christ.

"In former times our church members who went to the country were satisfied with a change of three or four weeks. Now, it is more often three or four months that they are away from the city. Their own churches lose their presence, work, and sometimes a large part of their contributions. It becomes more than ever important if they are to maintain an advance in their religious life that they consider well where they will spend their vacation months. They should be sure that a church is accessible, and study to serve the cause of Christ in the place of their sojourn. The 'manner of some,' who belong to city churches having pastors of exceptional ability, is often an advertisement of contempt for public worship. As they cannot have the ministrations of their favorite preacher they do not attend church. Or if they do attend, their weariness is not disguised, and when the service is over they indulge in disparaging criticism. Many show no reverence for the Lord's Day, and seem to have no conscience of impropriety or inconsistency in utterly ignoring the claims of the sanctuary.

"Whether in a permanent home, or during a temporary residence in any place, a Christian having a right heart and open eye will find opportunities to serve the Lord Christ. It is very possible to take such interest in a feeble church that its members well-nigh 'weary in well-doing' may take heart again. The countenance, kindly words and helpful hands of visitors may put new life into what has seemed a dying cause."

III.

HOMILETIC SUGGESTIONS IN EXODUS.

7. *Sorrow Hindering Salvation.*—"They hearkened not unto Moses for anguish of spirit, and for cruel bondage." vi, 9. Compare the previous chapter, verses 15-23, also the parable of the sower, Matthew xiii, 22.

8. *The World's Concession to the Church.*—"And Pharaoh said, I will let you go, that ye may sacrifice to the Lord your God in the wilderness, only ye shall not go very far away." viii, 28. The world accords a certain amount of respect to the church, realizing, as Keats said, that "man requires a little religion to die decently." But if the church goes "very far away," exhibits too much enthusiasm, or blood earnestness in denouncing and defeating iniquity, in the discrimination of truth, or in seeking the salvation of men, criticism, censure and opposition begin. *Vide*

the agitation of the Sunday question, worldly amusements, prohibition, secret-societism, etc.

9. *Light in the Darkness.*—"And there was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt three days; * * * but all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings." x, 22, 23. The illustration from the discrimination in this case will be intensified by showing how it was made in the cases of the other plagues as well. The text might be treated historically. The Sethites had light in their dwellings, while darkness rested on the Cainites. Enoch had light to walk with God, while his contemporaries stumbled in darkness. The descendants of Shem, the immediate forerunners of Israel, compared with the heathen round about. There were 7,000 in Israel who had light in Elijah's day when the rest were blinded by Baal. The Albigenses and Waldenses had light in the dark ages of the Church, and so on down through the centuries. Whence cometh this light? See the opening verses of the first chapter of John. How do men put themselves in the way of obtaining it? How should they use it? Who is responsible for the darkness of some? See the last half of the first chapter of Romans.

A suitable New Testament text to be used in conjunction here might be 2 Peter ii, 9. The whole subject might be applied thus:

(1). The darkness of sin and the light of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ.

(2). The darkness of sorrow and the light of trust in the promises of God.

(3). The darkness of hell and the light of heaven.

(4). The darkness of coming world judgments and the light of the glorious appearing of Christ for His people.

10. *Redemption a New Start in Life.*—"This month shall be unto you the beginning of months; it shall be the first month of the year to you." xii, 2. "This is interesting not only as bearing on the fact that the Jews have a religious as well as a civil year, the one beginning in the spring (March-April), and the other in the autumn (September-October), but also as showing that their deliverance from Egypt marked a new era in their history. Henceforth in their relations to Jehovah, the past was to be regarded as a blank. The suggestion is obvious that 'redemption is the first step in real life.' As another expresses it, 'A man's life is really of no account till he begins to walk with God in the knowledge of salvation and settled peace through the blood of Christ.' It is then only he begins to 'see life,' and possess happiness. 1 John v, 12, Psalm xxxii, 1. Let us not fail to impress these spiritual truths when we may." [Synthetic Bible Studies, p. 31].

11. *The Token of Redemption.*—"And the blood shall be to you for a token, * * * and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you." xiii, 13. The whole of the first fourteen verses of this chapter would make an excellent basis for a rich, evangelical discourse of an expository character. Attention was called earlier to an outline for a discourse on "The Passover a Type of Redemption," in the author's work, "Synthetic Bible Studies," but

the following suggestions from Frederick Whitfield's "Gleanings from Scripture," furnish another of a different character which will be appreciated by every lover of the gospel:

(1). This was to be to God's people the commencement of a new era. Not till they came into connection with the lamb had they either a history or a name. So is it with Christ. Never till we come to Christ have we a history in heaven. Therefore we have been dead while we lived.

(2). We see the necessity of every man having Christ for himself if he would be saved. The lamb must be found in every house. Its blood must be sprinkled on every door. There was no exception then, there is none now.

(3). It was not enough for every man to have a lamb in his house unless he ate it. Christian profession is not sufficient. We must feed and live upon Christ.

(4). We see the preciousness of the blood. It was not to be sprinkled on the ground. It was to be a shelter and protection, but not to be trodden under foot.

(5). The Israelite ate the lamb with bitter herbs. So the Christian feeds on Christ with the sorrows of the cross as his portion. "In the world ye shall have tribulation."

(6). The Israelite was to feed on the lamb, with unleavened bread. There must be no leaven of sin, the world, the flesh, or the devil seen in the believer who lives upon Jesus.

(7). The lamb was not to be partaken of raw or sodden, but roast with fire. It is not Christ in His life, but in His death, who makes the substitutionary sacrifice for the sinner. It is the crucified Saviour we glory in.

(8). None of it was to remain until the morning. Now is the night season. The morning of the resurrection cometh when there is no more sacrifice for sin. This is the time to sprinkle the blood and feed on the Lamb.

(9). They were to eat it with their loins girded and shoes on their feet. They were in Egypt, but were soon to leave it. It was not their home. Beautiful type of the Christian who lives upon Christ in the midst of an Egypt-world, wherein he is a stranger and sojourner.

(10). The blood was the token of deliverance. It was not character, or morality, that told against judgment in that awful night, but the blood applied by the hand of faith.

"Religious Movements for Social Betterment," by Josiah Strong, published by Baker & Taylor Co. at 50 cents, presents a strong argument for the institutional church and for the working out of the social gospel. While many of our readers will disagree with the conclusions, there are none but would be benefited by the information contained, showing what is being done by the churches along social lines. This book with "Factory People and Their Employers," by E. L. Shuey, noticed last month, should be read together. They herald a mighty influence that has not been considered by preachers.

An Appreciation of Maltbie D. Babcock, Christian Gentleman.

By Charles Gallaudet Trumbull, in the Sunday School Times.

"How do you like Dr. Babcock?" was asked last winter of one of the elders of the Brick Presbyterian Church of New York City. "Like" is not the word to use at all," came the reply. "The people don't 'like' Dr. Babcock—they are enthusiastic about him; he has carried them all by storm; they love him."

As it was in the Brick Church, where he had been called from Baltimore to succeed a beloved and rarely gifted pastor, so it was in every circle of his public and private life: men loved Maltbie D. Babcock. Perhaps the reason for this was his own outgoing love for men. He was lovable as it is given to few men to be. And added to his loveliness were a force of character that left indelible impress on all near him, unswerving rectitude and adherence to moral standards as high as they were unusual, real genius in more than one field of achievement, and, withal, a simple hearted sincerity of manner and life purpose that broke down barriers and won men to him and to the God he served.

Dr. Babcock was essentially a man's man. Wherever he went, as man, as preacher, or as pastor, men welcomed him. The marked differences in his own personal habits from those of the men with whom he was often thrown never made him less welcome. He could differ, without antagonizing. He would not allow anything to come between him and others, but he would not lower his own high standards.

One can readily understand what loving tact and sympathy must have been his to make this always possible among the members of a wealthy congregation. Being at luncheon, one day, with some business men, Dr. Babcock was offered a cigar, and the hope was expressed that he would join the others in a social smoke. Some ministers would have felt that here was their opportunity to reach these men, by meeting them on their own ground, and coming down to their level. Others, again, would have put up a lasting barrier by a cold declining of the courtesy. But Dr. Babcock, his face lighting up with one of his winning smiles, bent over toward the speaker, and said heartily:

"Thank you very much for your kindness. But you know I have a profession that means more to me than anything else in the world. I guard it very jealously. I am liable to be called out at any time of night or day in the service of my profession, and, if I were called suddenly to the bedside of some one who was dying, it wouldn't seem just right—would it?—if I had the odor of tobacco in my clothes and on my breath. So you'll pardon me, won't you, if I don't join you in this?"

At another time, one of the wealthier members of one of Dr. Babcock's congregations, knowing his passion for music, told him he hoped Dr. Babcock would make frequent use of his box at the opera, which he had taken for the season, and enjoy to the full, if possible, the rare musical opportunity thus of-

fered. Again came that whole-hearted, sympathetic smile from Dr. Babcock, with the impulsive words:

"I can't thank you enough for the kindness you are showing me. But you know how a surgeon, in practicing his profession, is not only obliged to keep his hands and linen free from dirt, but he must keep himself aseptically clean as well. Now in my profession, I have to be even more careful than a surgeon, and so I must be careful about things that might do harm in even the most indirect ways. You will understand perfectly, I know, why I cannot accept the great kindness you are offering me, though I do thank you for it from the bottom of my heart."

And men did understand, and they came to respect and love their pastor a thousandfold more for his manly, unaffected loyalty to his own standards, than if he had tried to gain their respect by lowering his colors.

Dr. Babcock reached women as effectively as he did men. "I don't like that church; I'm not going there any more," a richly dressed woman was overheard to say to her companion one Sunday morning, as the congregation was leaving the Brick Church.

"Why not? Don't you like Dr. Babcock's preaching?"

"Yes; but I can't get rid of him all the week."

His simple, ringing appeals from the pulpit were spoken as one soul speaks to another. Indeed, it was hard to get rid of them "all the week." There was the eloquence of a message in all that he preached—a message that lay on his heart, and that he must lay on yours. His prayers were the same. They were sometimes criticized for being too conversational, even too free and easy. It is true they were not conventional. They were not uttered with the "holy tone." But they voiced the cry of a man who wants help from his Father; they were the conversation of a child who comes in love and gratitude to talk with his Father, and they were prayers that brought a wonderful sense of the Father's loving presence.

Dr. Babcock could not do anything just like any one else. He was as unconventional in his pulpit notices as he was in his sermons and prayers. He gave one the impression that he was chatting with his congregation over the matters that they both had on hand for the coming week. One Sunday morning he told them that he had a very "pragmatic" announcement to make. He wanted a couple of typewriter machines for the use of one of the church organizations, so that young women could be taught typewriting. "Now," he said, "you can either rent these machines for them, or you business men can present them with second-hand machines from your offices, or you may buy new ones for them. But just make sure, please, that they get them in one way or another." The congregation couldn't resist appeals of that sort, and they didn't try to. "Say," whispered my companion of the morning the typewriter appeal was made, "isn't that great? I knew he was all right when he began to give out the notices."

Perhaps there was no greater tribute to the power and consecration of Dr. Babcock than

the fact that he was invariably turned to as a sort of last resort in an attempt to bring a wandering one to Christ. If there was a son, or a husband, or a brother, or a father, to be saved, how often was it said, "Let's get him under Dr. Babcock's influence—he can surely reach him."

The absolute unselfishness of the man was an ever-new lesson, even to those who knew him best. One morning one of his congregation called, about nine o'clock, to see him. Finding him just finishing breakfast, he twitted him on being a late riser. "Come, now," said Dr. Babcock, "I believe I was up earlier than you this morning." "Well, what time was it?" "Four o'clock," was the reply. "What do you mean?" asked the astonished visitor. "Oh, well! I had to run out to see a sick girl who lived some distance off; they sent for me," Dr. Babcock explained. "Do you mean you got up at four o'clock in the morning to visit a sick girl who wanted to see you? Why, that's as bad as being a physician!" "Nonsense," said the pastor; "I've gotten up many a time earlier than that to go fishing, and been proud of it. Can't I do as much for a sick girl?" And that put an end to the matter.

Among my now most treasured possessions is a bundle of letters, received in the course of a prized friendship with Maltbie D. Babcock. On the first day of this year he wrote me, briefly referring to his Holy Land trip, and added a benediction that I would share with all:

"A century of usefulness and happiness to you with Heaven thrown in of God's grace at the end! M. D. B."

SOME VERSES AND THOUGHTS BY MR. BABCOCK.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

By Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D.

[First published in The Sunday School Times of November 25, 1899.]

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour the mill;
And back of the mill is the wheat, and the shower,
And the sun, and the Father's will.

TRANSMUTATION.

By Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D.

Can we include our mistakes and sins in the "all things" that work together for good? Certainly, if we belong to God, if love and loyalty to Him are our hearts' determination, if we are purposed to press toward the mark of His high calling in Christ Jesus. The pride and self-confidence of Peter were weakness, and were breaking him down as a disciple; but when he yielded himself to the Spirit of Christ, they became self-knowledge, self-distrust, self-hatred, and the occasion and demands for divine power. The lives of St. Augustine, of John Newton, of Jerry McAuley, prove that the God of transmutation, who taught us to bring brilliant dyes, healing remedies, exquisite perfumes, from waste coal-tar, can transform the character that is put in His hands and make a repudiated past thrillingly vital in the sympathy and pity, fidelity and love, of a beautiful and fruitful future.

(Quoted from the Maltbie D. Babcock's Calendar.)

Christ knew what monotony meant and fidelity without applause, the patience of the plow, the constraint of the yoke.

God accepts obedience without emotion, but cannot accept emotion without obedience.

Failure is never an absolute word—always relative, and the only real failure is inside, not outside.

No unconsenting soul can be made to sin, and so sin is inexcusable. The door has the bolt inside, and no hand but mine can throw it.

Character and capacity are all of life that we take with us when death swings open the door from this into the next room in our Father's house.

Circumstances do not make character. They are the scaffolding on which we stand while we build character. The scaffolding will go, and character remain.

Salvation is going to Jesus for what he can give us—adoption, forgiveness, strength—and then going into the world with what he gives, to live his life and do his work.

To plow a straight furrow on Monday, or to dust a room well on Tuesday, or to kiss a bumped forehead on Wednesday, is worth more than the most ecstatic thrill under Sunday eloquence.

EMANCIPATION.

A copy of these verses, signed with the Rev. Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock's initials, was received on Saturday by the Rev. Dr. A. F. Beard of Norwalk, Conn., one of the secretaries of the American Missionary Association in a letter from Dr. Babcock. On the same day Dr. Babcock killed himself at Naples, Italy, in an attack of acute melancholia.

Why be afraid of death, as though your life were breath?

Death but annoys your eyes with clay. Oh glad surprise!

Why should you be forlorn? Death only husks the corn.

Why should you fear to meet the thresher of the wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping you are dead,

Till you awake and rise, here, or beyond the skies.

Why should it be a wrench to leave your wooden bench?

Why not with happy shout run home when school is out?

The dear ones left behind! O foolish one and blind,

A day and you will meet—A night and you will greet.

This is the death of Death, to breathe away a breath,

And know the end of strife and taste the deathless life,

And joy without a fear, and smile without a tear,

And work, nor care to rest, and find the last the best.

M. D. B.

Dr. Babcock wrote these verses some years ago. He wrote many verses and hymns which have been published from time to time. He also composed music for hymns. One of the tunes is called "Davenport," and is used with the hymn "My Times Are in Thy Hand."

Why Should a Christian Join the Church?

From the Christian Endeavor World.

By Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D.

If you are a follower of Jesus Christ, there is no reason why you should not join the church, and every reason why you should. If you have not joined yourself in faith and fidelity to your Saviour, under no consideration join the church. If, as you know your own heart, you cannot say, "I know whom I have believed, and He knows that I have given myself to Him forever," then do not deny Him by confessing Him. But if you do trust Him, and are trying to be true to Him, then do not deny Him by not confessing Him. How can you refuse, if you are His, to acknowledge Him as your Saviour, to enter His school as a disciple, to enlist under His banner as a soldier of the cross, to come to His table as a child at home?

You would not have your Christian hope at all today if others had done as you are doing. Your knowledge of Christ, every Christian influence that blesses you, has come through the church. But there would have been no church if Christians had not confessed Christ by calling themselves by His name, banding themselves together for Christian worship and education and work. If it is right for you today to cherish a secret hope in Christ and not publicly confess Him, then you must admit that it is right for some one else to do so. What, then, becomes of the church if others should follow your example?

ROBBING THE CHURCH.

You are *robbing the church* of the help you owe it. The church was a body because those who first trusted Christ joined themselves as members of a body to Him as their head; and it exists today because those who trust Christ still unite themselves to Him in public loyalty as well as personal love. Paul put it plainly when he said that the Macedonian Christians "first gave their own selves to the Lord, and to us by the will of God," first joining the Lord, and then the Lord's. So the thousands on the day of Pentecost confessed their Saviour by being baptized, and were added visibly to the church. So did the jailer at Philippi and the Ethiopian, Lydia and her family, Stephanas and his household. Do you think that, if they were living today, they would hesitate about joining the church of their God and their Saviour? How is it that you can know in your heart that you are forgiven and made an heir of God, and yet, by not joining the church, say as plainly as words can put it, "I do not care whether the church of Christ survives"? Are you not robbing the church when you receive from it your Christian faith and hope, and will not set yourself as a living stone in its walls, and do your best to perpetuate and strengthen it?

You are *robbing the Lord* if you live a life better, purer, stronger, because of His help, and yet will not acknowledge by public confession that He is your helper. By as much

as your life through Christ's help is better than the life of others, you are keeping from Him the glory due to His name, by refusing to join His church. He founded the church, which He purchased with His blood, to be the "pillar and ground of truth," a reservoir and channel of blessing, your spiritual mother and nurse and teacher; so that not to belong to the church is to rob not merely the church, but Christ Himself. It is His household of faith, His body, His bride. He has identified Himself with it in such wonderful intimacy that, when Saul struck at the church, Jesus said, "Why persecutest thou Me?" There is no escaping the fact that, when you withhold your public allegiance from the church of Christ, your name from its roll-call, your loyalty and sympathy and interest and strength from its service, you are robbing the Redeemer of the church. It is the church of Christ, and bears His name in the world, and what you do to the church is done to Christ, and what you refuse the church you refuse Christ.

WHAT OTHERS WILL CONCLUDE.

Let men see you living Christ's kind of life outside the church, and they will conclude that a man can be a good Christian and not belong to the church. Why should they join it when you do not think it necessary?

The church, like the Bible, is, in many parts and ways, divided, yet one; with different denominations, yet called by one supreme name. No one denomination may suit you perfectly. (The reverse is also true). Choose the one that on the whole best represents Christ to you, in which you can best worship Him and work for Him, and as a member of that church make it more Christ-like and the name of Christ more winsome and glorious because you bear it. Devotion to the church is loyalty to its Head, and neglect of the church is disloyalty to its Head. You rob not the church alone by not belonging to it, but the Saviour Himself.

And how much you are *robbing yourself* of peace and power, you never will know till you confess your Saviour as He has bidden you. A duty undone, like a sin unconfessed, as David said, turns dew to drought. It is not for our sake, but for the child's sake, that we say, when a gift is received without a word, "And what do you say?" Even the poor woman in the crowd, sensitive and shy, the Lord would not let go away till she had made her acknowledgment. She never could have "gone in peace" if her blessing had been half stolen. Let your own sense of unrest and unhappiness tell you that the "redeemed of the Lord" are expected to "say so," and that he who will not confess his Saviour neither shall he enjoy Him.

TAKING A STAND.

And as for power, believe me, there is nothing for it like commitment. Let a boy go to college, and hesitate to fly his flag as a Christian and let the men know where he stands, and he is ten times more liable to be tempted and to yield. It is an immense safeguard to be classified. A Hindoo merchant ran up a flag with the words on it, "For

Christ." It may have increased his persecution, but it diminished his temptation. Every college pin, Mason's symbol, political badge, national flag, proves the strength of inward agreement and outward acknowledgment. Fly your flag for your Captain. You will have a happier heart and a stronger arm. Do not rob the church of the loyalty you owe it, nor your Lord of the honor that belongs to Him, nor yourself of the peace and power that await confession of your Lord.

As for excuses, they are only explanations of the circumstances under which we did not do our duty. There is no excuse for a Christian's not doing what his Lord commands. Wellington told an officer to do something, and when the answer came, "It is impossible," replied, "I did not ask for your opinion, but your obedience." Let us remember this: Jesus Christ our Lord does not ask for our opinions, but our obedience. How long would our excuse last in His presence? What do they really amount to before the bar of our sober judgment?

COUNTERFEITS? WHAT OF IT?

"There are inconsistent and even hypocritical church-members." "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me." Nowhere do we allow the abuse of life, health, truth, language, business interests, anything, to destroy our confidence in their right use. A counterfeit dollar is the tribute paid to a good one. Join the church and set a good example. Try to be John, no matter who is Judas.

"I am not good enough." But what is the church for but to help you to be good? You are not saved by your goodness, but by Jesus Christ and His love. Your intention and attempt to obey and serve Him are the effect, not the cause, of your salvation. The church is to help you to know Him better, and to be more like Him. Do you really want to be good? Then you are good enough to enter the church. You might as well say you do not know enough to go to school, or are not strong enough to go to a gymnasium, or cannot swim well enough to learn to swim! The church and all its services, like the Bible, are meant to help you to be good.

"But I do not understand the doctrine of the church." You are not asked to as a beginner, nor compelled to at any time. Jesus did not say, "It is the way," but, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." I—not any creed, any symbol or confession—"I am the door. By Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved." And Paul said, "I know whom I have believed." If you know Christ as your Saviour, you have eternal life, and have a right to enter through the gate into the heavenly city. How much more have you the right to enter the school, the family, the church, of the Christian beginners here on earth!

"I might dishonor my Lord." Yes, and no one is more watched in the church than the one who really dreads doing this. No one is expected to accomplish perfection, but to attempt it; and no one would walk or talk or dare enter any business or profession if he did not mean through mistakes to learn

not to make them. "I write unto you that ye sin not"; and that we make our fixed purpose. "But, if any man sin, we have an Advocate"; and so we have God's pity and help and restoration.

NOW!

"I will sometime." Today is sometime, and the only real time. Resolve now that you will unite with the church the next communion. "Tomorrow is the road to never." No decision was ever made tomorrow. There is no such day. What you ever did was done in a today. If you are trusting Christ today as your Saviour, trying to please Him today as your Master, resolve today that at your first opportunity you will be true to Him by confessing Him before His people, and obeying the command that calls you to His table, "This do in remembrance of Me."

A Mountain Sermon.

5.21.96
[The following sermon was reported with considerable accuracy by a Berea student for the Berea Quarterly, and was published in The Christian Work through the courtesy of President Frost of Berea College, Kentucky. No single discourse should be taken as fairly representative of an entire people. This sermon contains the usual topics—doctrine, experience (the most saving element), and reproof of the Church. While lacking in refinement, and exhibiting that "zeal which is not according to knowledge," its manly vigor will command respect. The language abounds in quaint idioms and Saxon survivals like the pronoun "hit." We smile at the homely phrases and dialect, but this sermon contains a very important characteristic, lacking in many that are more polished—that is earnestness. Ed.]

"My brethering, you'll fine my tex' somers in the Bible, an' I haint agoin' ter tell yer whar: but hit's thar. Ef yer don't believe hit, you jest take down yer Bible an' hunt twell yer fine hit, an' you'll fine a heap more thet's good, too. My tex' is this: 'On this rock will I build my Church, an' the gates of hell shall not prevail against hit.'

"Now, I'm goin' ter speak the truth ter day no matter who hit hits. Ef they's ary man in this aujence thet don't agree with me, thet's his lookout, an' not mine. The question fur us to answer 'bout this tex' is this: Wut Church war hit thet the Lord founded? Wut Church is hit thet the gates of hell haint agoin' ter prevail against? I'm agoin' ter answer thet question; an' I'll tell yer wut Church hit is; hit's the Ole Hardshell Babbist Church; thet's wut Church hit is.

"A heap o' people says it war the Christian Church. Well, hit warn't. The Campbellites says they're Christians; the Methodis' says, 'We're Christians, too.' Wall, I haint a Christian; I'm a Babbist. I fine in the Bible thet the disciples war fust called Christians at Antioch. Not at Jerusalem. The Lord never called the Church Christians, nur no person else thet had ary right ter gin the Church a name. The Lord founded the Church when he went down into the warter, an' the gates of hell shall not prevail against hit.

"Neow, they's a heap o' people don't lack the doctings of this hyur Church cuz we teach predestination. Now, I wanter tell you,

them folks is jist lack a ole hoss-ah! You fetch him out at night-ah! an' you go fur to carry him home-ah! An' you come up nigh onto a ole black stump-ah! a settin' by the side of the road-ah!

"An' wen the ole hoss sees hit he stops-ah! An' his yurs pints right straight at the stump-ah! an' every har on his back pints right straight at his yurs-ah! an' he says: 'There he is-ah! Thar's the booger-ah! Oh! he'll ruin me-ah!' An' thar he stan's-ah! with his laigs stiff lack fence-rails-ah! an' you caint git him apast that ole stump-ah! But ef you've got a good strong bridle-ah! yer kin git him up fernen hit-ah! an' then he gives a great snort, so— boo-oo! an' goes by hit with a jump-ah! an' 'twarn't nothin' but a stump none of the time. Now, brethering, they haint no more harm in the doctings of the Ole Hard-shell Baptist Church-ah! than they is in thet ole stump-ah!

"Now, look ahere-ah! We fine when we read the Scriptures of divine truth-ah! thet Solomon he built a temple-ah! an' he hed all the work done way off-ah! so they warn't no sound of hammer to be heerd at the building-ah! An' the timber were ahewed-ah! an' asquared-ah! an' aplumbed-ah! way out in the mountings-ah! an' then King Solomon he gin orders-ah! fur ter make the timbers up into raftis-ah! an' float 'em down ter Joppy-ah! Now, jes' supposing some of them workmen hed a said-ah! one of the hewers o' wood, or drawers o' warter had a said-ah! 'I'll squar' this timber ah! an' I'll plumb hit-ah! but taint wuth while fur me ter immerse hit all over in the warter-ah! I'll jis' take a little warter-ah! an' sprinkle on them timbers-ah! The't'll do jist as well-ah! Hit taint no savin' orjince no-how-ah! How der you reckon them timbers wud agot down ter Joppy-ah? An' ef the timber hadn't agot thar, how'd Solomon abuilt the temple-ah? An' now, ef you're atryin' ter get to heaven-ah! how do you reckon you'll git thar ef you stay on the bank asprinklin' warter on yourself-ah! an' on lettle babies thet haint repented of their sins-ah! stidder goin' down into the warter-ah! Do you reckon you'll ever git thar?

"No, sir-ah! You mought as well make a Church out the devils in hell as o' thet sorter people-ah! Fur on this rock I will build my Church-ah! an' the gates of hell shall not prevail against hit-ah!

"But oh! my brethering-ah! How well I remember-ah! jis' lack hit war yistidy-ah! the time wen I foun' the Lord-ah! A heap o' people says they caint tell the time-ah! nur the place-ah! Wull, I reckon they caint-ah! Kase they haint never aben no time an place-ah! Ef a man's hed peace spoke to his never-dyin' soul he kin mighty soon tell the time 'n the place-ah! Oh! I remember hit well-ah! I war twenty-one an' agoin' on twenty-two years of age-ah! An' I went ter meeting-ah! an' I went home afeelin' mighty bad, kase some o' the gals hed slighted me-ah! kase I war lame-ah! An' I felt bad thet they wouldn't show me as much 'tention as t'other young men thet war cumridges o' mine-ah! An' agoin' home-ah! I rode off by myself-ah!

ter go home by a roundabout way-ah! Oh, my brethering-ah! I reckon I war afeeling sorter lack poor ole Joner-ah! lack I'd love to go off in the ships of Tarshish-ah! An' I felt jist lack I wouldn't akereed p'ticular ef hit had aben the whale's belly-ah!

"Wull, I got out on the mounting-ah! an' 'peared lack I couldn't go home-ah! An' I got off my hoss an' sot down under a hick'ry tree-ah! afeelin' lack 'Lijah wen he sot under the juniper tree-ah! awishing he cud die-ah! An' awhilest I war thar, they come up a powerful big storm-ah! an' my nag got loose, an' I couldn't ketch her, an' off she went fur home-ah! aleavin' me on the mounting-ah! Oh, my brethering, how hit thundered-ah! An' 'peared lack the hull sky war one streak o' lightnin'-ah! An' the limbs commenced ablowin' off'n the trees-ah! An' the trees began abendin'-ah! An' the warter came down in sheets-ah! an' wet me to the skin-ah! Now, I jist want to tell you I got over wantin' to die, mighty soon-ah! Oh! then I begun to realize thet they's somethin' comes after death-ah! An' I warn't ready fur hit-ah! Oh, my brethering, I thought I'd prayed before-ah! but I found that night I hadn't never done it before-ah!

I prayed an' prayed, an' every streak o' lightnin' I thought I could see an angry God above me, an' a yawnin' hell below me-ah! But right wile the storm war aragin'-ah! an' the lightnin' war aflashin'-ah! an' the thunder war acrackin'-ah! the Lord spoke peace to my never-dyin' soul-ah! I seed the lightnin', but hit didn't skeer me. I heerd the thunder, but I warn't afeard no more. I felt the rain soakin' me, but 'peared lack hit didn't wet me then. I jist felt lack singin', an' I sung an' prayed an' shouted thar all night, an' they found me in the mornin', an' come to whar I war by them ahearin' me asingin'. Thet were thirty-two years ago the fourteenth day o' this month, an' I kin jis' shet my eyes an' see the place war I foun' the Lord. I cud go to thet ole hick'ry tree the darkest night the Lord ever made. An' wen they axed wut Church I'd jine, I sez, sez I, 'Lemme jine the Baptist,' sez I; 'not the Missionary Baptist, nor the reglar Baptist, but the Ole, Two Seed, Iron Jacket, Predestination, Hardshell Baptist-ah!' For on this rock I will build my Church, an' the gates of hell shall not prevail against hit-ah!

"But oh, my brethering-ah! we fine thet a heap of them thet's in the Church is mighty nigh as bad as them thet's out, an' some Baptists haint much better 'n other Churches. The world's awaxin' wuss an' wuss, an' 'pears lack the eend haint fur off. Wy, the Baptists over in Laurel thar aroun' me is gettin' too stuck up to wash one another's feet. They uster hev foot-washin's reglar. But now I hev to go over into Whitley to get my feet washed. Wy, brethering, wen the Church was founded footwashin' war a part on it; an' I do hate to see the Baptists-ah! agoin' back into the beggarly elements of the world-ah! For on this rock I will build my Church-ah! an' the gates of hell shall not prevail against hit-ah!"

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573 Souls Added to a Church in Seven Weeks.

We are pleased to use our editorial columns for an account that will encourage and strengthen preachers everywhere. It is one of the greatest proofs that pentecostal blessings are not things of the past. At our request, the pastor of the church, Dr. I. N. McCash, gave us the following information:

The Great Meeting at University Church of Christ, Des Moines, Iowa.

On February 17, 1901, the revised list of the University Church of Christ showed a membership of 1770. The church is characterized by its regular growth, numerically and spiritually, there seldom being a regular service at any time of the year at which there are no persons taking membership. As a University Church it has the faculty of Drake University, and the great per cent. of the student body, without constraint, holding membership.

In its regular work, the church territory is divided into four wards, in each of which there are four elders, eight deacons, and six deaconesses, who look after the temporal and spiritual welfare of the congregation, under the direction of the pastor. In organizing for the special campaign for soul winning, which lasted seven weeks, Evangelist Charles Reign Scoville was invited to assist the pastor. He is a young man, full of vigor, earnest, spiritual, intensely in love with the gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation. His power as an evangelist lay in his adherence to the Word of God, and his gift as an exhorter. Often at the close of the services two, three and even

four exhortations, with invitations, were given for men and women to accept publicly the Christ. The organization for the special work did not differ largely from the regular, committees on advertising, finance, devotion, ushers and personal workers. The committee on advertising prepared announcements which were distributed to all of the homes by special workers. These consisted of cards, with special subjects and an invitation for the people to come and hear. The personal workers met in prayer services every day at the church and at the University hard by. From these meetings they went to the homes and rooms of those who were interested and talked with them about the plan of salvation, "openly alleging that Jesus is the Christ." So effective was this work that a majority of the converts promised these workers to make public confession, and a list of these prepared every evening by the pastor before the services was verified by the persons promising.

There was no clap-trap methods employed, no signing of cards, standing and voting, but an open confession of the faith each soul had in Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour, with a willingness to obey Him in all things in order to receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. There was no extraneous excitement, but a large company of people assembled each night to hear the presentation of the truth. There were 573 persons who united with the congregation by confession and by letter; 160 of these were students of Drake University. With the addition of such a large company, the total membership of the church to date is 2343. "Paul planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase."

I. N. McCASH, LL. D.

The Preacher's Friends.

"Once," said a minister, "the last of our company had gone, and no new arrival was expected. I felt that I could renew acquaintance with my family, and that we might sit down to a meal without strangers being present. Just then the door bell rang. I opened the door myself, and a young lady whom I had never seen before stood on the doorstep, with a satchel in her hand."

"Are you the Reverend Doctor Blank?" she asked.

"I told her that I was, and she introduced herself as coming from Akron, Ohio."

"I heard you preach in Akron when I was a little girl, and now I have come to spend a few days with your family and hear you preach again."

"I handed her over to my wife and daughters, and she stayed a week, and treated us with the assurance of an old friend."

Another guest he liked to tell about was a fussy woman from his native town, who had been waited on by every member of his family in turn, and who exacted constant attention. When she was leaving, after a month's visit, he went to the door to see her off, and politely ventured to hope that her stay with them had been pleasant.

"I don't know as I have anything to complain of," was the depressing answer.—Forward.

Patriotism and Bribery.

Grover Cleveland, in an article in the Saturday Evening Post, attributes the public waste of money to lack of patriotism. In Progress, a paper published by Assinabaine Indians, we find a story that gives Gen. Ludlow the title of patriot:

An Irish contractor who had been doing public work at Havana for some years paid a visit to Ludlow soon after he had taken charge of this undertaking, and introduced himself, slyly laying down on his card a crisp fifty-dollar bill. It was his way of "feeling" a new man.

"And you call to see me about getting some contract work for the government?" said Ludlow.

"I have, sor."

"Well, Mr. Flaherty," said Ludlow, "I suppose we can talk more freely over a cigar. Do you smoke?"

He drew from his pocket two cigars, handed one to the contractor, and put the other between his own lips. Then looking around on his table as if for a match and finding none, he coolly took the fifty-dollar note, twisted it into a lighter, set it aflame from the open grate fire, lighted his own cigar, and without changing countenance passed the stump of the burning bill over to the contractor, whose appetite for tobacco seemed to have experienced a sudden check.

Points on the Conduct of Open Air Meetings.

H. B. GIBBUD.

Preliminary.

1. Get a permit—a general one. Consult the policemen—win them.
2. Select an organist that can play under all circumstances. Provide also an assistant to get songs ready and watch the leader.
3. Appoint a leader for the singing, one person for this alone. Pick hymns before going out. Grade range toward close. Use only bright songs at first.
4. Choose singers, men and women.
5. Hold preliminary meeting for workers. Have definite prayer.

The Meeting Itself.

1. Fix upon a place the day before. Go where the crowd is. Avoid a corner where bicycles and wagons will pass between you and the audience.
2. Have someone to give out tracts and another for the invitations.
3. Delegate a worker as one of the crowd to quiet disturbances.
4. Get a man to count the crowd. Better count first from center, then from outside. The same man can keep watch for trouble.
5. Arrange singers with back to wall. Don't form a circle—get singers together.
6. In the song service don't begin with, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul"; use bright and catchy pieces.
7. Don't have too much public prayer in open air, especially at the beginning. Better not kneel. You are there not so much to worship as to preach the Gospel.

8. Talk against a wall and the sound will not be lost. Also talk with back to wall as sounding board.

Natural Gas.

The artesian wells obtained at Pierre, of which there are now four, with a fifth one planned for, are a world wonder, and a most remarkable resource. The flow from each well is about 1,000 gallons of water per minute. The water is 93 degrees warm, warmer than the Hot Springs. It is also magnetic, and of rare medicinal qualities. The force of the flow is in itself a great water power.

The most wonderful product, though, is the natural gas that comes up with the water. This is about 50,000 cubic feet per day from each well, and the gas is one of the purest and best kind. The large new flouring mill, 100 barrel capacity daily, and several smaller manufacturing industries are now operated with this fuel. The development of this resource, which is one of many possessed by this young city, will alone make Pierre the great manufacturing city of the Northwest. For further information, address

CHAS. L. HYDE,
Investment Banker,
Pierre, S. D.

"No Cross No Crown." by William Penn, is a quaint and valuable book. It is still published by the Friends' Book Association, Philadelphia. It is in two parts. One part is filled with excellent illustrative material.



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It cooks in 5 minutes—that's why. Most things heat the kitchen to make it a whole day disagreeable for the housewife. How much comfort

Ralston Breakfast Food
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SUGGESTIVE HINTS, METHODS AND PLANS GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Fourth Paper—Second Series.

Dr. Charles F. Thwing has said truly: "Methods should be very elastic. They should be capable of great adaptiveness. They should be adjusted to the peculiar needs of each church." A pastor should hold himself ready to surrender or to alter his methods according to the demands of the place or the time. In thus doing, the pastor is guarded from a not uncommon peril, namely, of believing that methods have intrinsic worth. Methods are good only so far forth as they do good; yet long use of "pet" plans may result in transferring our regard for the end, to the means by which the end is attained.

"In subordinating methods to ends, aid may be drawn from keeping constantly before the mind and heart the supreme aim of all church work—the development of Christian character. If any method fails to achieve this purpose, it is useless; if it succeeds in achieving this purpose, it has value. Every method should be brought to this ultimate test of conversion and edification. No matter how perfect the machinery of a church, or how admirably and noiselessly, or boisterously, it moves, if it fails here it is a complete failure. We must maintain this aim as ultimate and supreme, and cause methods to adjust themselves to this ideal. This most worthy purpose elevates toil, ennobles self-sacrifice, adjusts difficulties, eliminates selfishness, strengthens patience, gives to work enthusiasm and enlargement, and crowns it with increasing success."

These ends seem to be so nearly met, or provided for, in the plan of Dr. I. L. Cory, of Waukesha, outlined in the following pastoral letter that we give it in full. We heartily commend this method of arousing a church, and believe that this is one method which might be used to advantage in almost any church.

The provision for meetings for conference is admirable, in that it places responsibility upon individual members for devising and suggesting ways and means for accomplishing the desired end, as well as for assisting in carrying out plans when approved. Let a man

feel that he is in some measure responsible for a plan, and it places him under obligations to make his plan succeed. Its success is, in a way, a vindication of his wisdom.

Many a pastor defeats his plan in the very outset—makes its success impossible—by imposing his methods on churches unwilling or indifferent to receive them. Don't let your people get the idea that the plan is a "pet hobby" of your own and that you are sure they never have had, never could have, thought of anything one half as good. There are those who for that very reason will make it their business to see to it that your plan fails. Often they are the very ones whose co-operation you most need. Justify the wisdom of what you propose to do in a church, merely suggest a way by which you think the end can be gained, and invite discussion. Insist that the members in conference with you suggest wherein they think the plan could be improved, or to suggest, if they are inclined, a better method. Churches, no more than children, like to be "jerked." You will lose nothing—you may gain much, by showing deference to elders and to those who have special interest in the church.

Above all avoid the peril of pastoral autocracy. To this end hold full and frequent conferences with the officers, and do not adopt important measures except with their approval and the promise of their co-operation.

We repeat that one of the chief merits in Dr. Cory's plan is the provision for these meetings for prayer and conference. The form of the letter and covenant can of course be changed and adapted to the local needs of your church.

"Waukesha, Nov. 5, 1900.

Dear Friend:—At the mid-week meeting recently we discussed ways and means for making our church more efficient in winning persons into the Christian life. After considering some modern methods which have proven successful elsewhere, a committee was appointed to co-operate with the pastor in developing some plan upon which we might unite to secure this much desired end. The committee, consisting of Samuel Harding, L. H. Griswold, R. P. Breese, Mrs. I. L. Cory and Mrs. Samuel Breese, met at the pastor's residence Nov. 1st and decided upon a plan which we

trust will meet with the hearty approval of all Christian workers in our congregation.

1st.—The end to be secured is intelligent co-operation in winning people into the Christian life. Are we not commissioned by the Master to work together to such an end? Should we not plan just as enthusiastically to secure this end as we did to build our beautiful church home?

2nd.—The church is a method used by the Spirit to secure this end. It is a natural way into the Christian life. By this way persons commit themselves to the Master and become known as His followers. By it they enter conscientiously and heartily into a covenant of Christian work and fellowship. It is an organized method of doing the work of God's kingdom in the world. To enlist in such a service is to respond in a natural way to God's call. The plan therefore is to seek to win as many as possible into the Christian life by way of the cordial open door into the church life.

THE COVENANT CARD.

The enclosed covenant card is for your prayerful consideration. If you find yourself in hearty accord with the purpose of this plan of work we trust you will sign it. The mid-week meeting, Nov. 7th, will be a "covenant-er's" prayer meeting. We ask you if possible to be at this meeting and bring your card. We will explain the work further at that time and plan for its prosecution. It is part of the plan to hold such a meeting at least once a month to confer together and pray together for the Spirit's power on our work.

A neat invitation card, including the calendar of church services, will be printed and each person signing the covenant will be given a package to aid in doing personal work. Other methods to aid each one in a quiet unobtrusive campaign to win souls are in mind and will develop as we counsel together in our covenant meetings. Assuring you that your presence at the meeting Nov. 7th is greatly desired, and asking your prayers upon our plans, we are yours for the Master's service,
I. L. CORY, Pastor.

The following is the form of "Covenant Card" which was enclosed with the letter, and to which reference is made:

COVENANT.

Believing that the Master wants every Christian to exert a winning influence to lead others into the Christian life, and believing that a united effort in our church just now would result in securing a rich blessing, I will, in His name, strive to win at least one person for Him and His church during the year beginning Nov. 1, 1900.

Name

"I expect to pass through this life but once: If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to my fellow human beings, let me do it now; let me not defer or neglect, for I shall not pass this way again."

We have given from time to time forms of invitation to church services. It is a mistake to undertake to print too much on a card. We

know of no more effective form than No. 4, "A Personal Invitation," a reduced copy of which appeared in June Current Anecdotes, page 415. It is important that each worker who consents to co-operate be furnished a supply of these cards. Even when a verbal invitation is given, it is well to hand the person a card.

Suitable tracts for wise distribution can also be used with good results by the workers. We hope to have in an early issue some statement from Dr. Cory as to the results of his plan.

A UNIQUE CARD FOR PASTOR'S USE.

Frequently when a pastor calls he finds his parishioners away from home. It is important that he leave his card, that they may know of his visit.

Rev. James S. Braker sends us a card containing the matter which follows. We are impressed with the wisdom of the method:

The Pastor of Beth Eden Church called today. Cordial invitation is given you and yours to attend the services of the Church. May heaven's richest blessings abound in your lives.
REV. JAMES S. BRAKER.
344 Crescent St.

The reverse side of the card might contain something like the following. People need often to be reminded of their duty to their church:

"And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works." Heb. 10: 24.

MY DUTY TO MY CHURCH.

Pray for her pastor. Attend her services. Practice her teachings. Pray for her prosperity. Give to her support. Work for her success. Cordially greet her members. Invite others to her services.

Silent Pledge:—By God's help these things will I do.

Advertising Church Services in the Regular Advertising Columns of Secular Papers.

Judging from the meagre response we have received to our request for sample copies of secular papers containing regular display advertisements of church services, we would judge that this method is not much used. The testimony coming to us from those who have made the experiment is conflicting. The following letter perhaps states the case as fairly as can be:

Greenville, Mich., June 4, 1901.

Ellison R. Cook,

Dear Bro.: In your June number of C. A. you ask for samples of advertising. I enclose a copy of our local daily paper with the ad. of the Congregational Church on the front page. The pastor of the church, Dr. A. B. Curtis, thinks that his audiences are larger since he has advertised. Our city has only 3,400 people, and I doubt the advisability of such an ad. as a regular thing. On special occasions, however, it secures a large audience.

Very truly yours,

W. H. GARFIELD.

Pastor Baptist Church.

In the copy of the Daily Call sent us, we note that Dr. Curtis uses full six inches

double column. In large black type are the lines "The Congregational Church invites you morning and evening tomorrow." Then follows the outline of a sermon from the text, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ," from which text we suppose the Doctor is to preach at the morning service, although it is not stated in the advertisement.

A full program of a Young People's Meeting at the evening hour follows. It is stated that the musical program will be followed by a talk from the pastor on *Longfellow*. (To some of us old fashioned folks a *Gospel sermon* would seem rather more fitting for a Sunday evening service.)

The pastor of the First Baptist Church Hamilton, Mo., sends us copies of the two local papers. In *The Farmer's Advocate* appears a single column ad. about two inches, as follows:

A Cordial Welcome



FOR YOU

EVERY SUNDAY

AT THE

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

"Come thou with us and we will do thee good."

And in the *Hamiltonian*, the following occupying similar space:

Visitors

Welcome

AT THE

First Baptist Church

Every Sunday—Morning and Night.

We repeat the request for papers containing similar advertisements, and would be glad to have the experience of pastors who have made the experiment. Address Rev. Ellison R. Cook, Washington, Ga.

We take occasion to make the following observations on

THE USE OF PRINTERS' INK IN THE WORK OF THE CHURCH.

"The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light," they tell people where they are, what they have, and what they want—they *advertise*. Only here and there is to be found a congregation stout-hearted enough to project religious enterprises on strict business principles, less frequently with experimental faith in printer's ink. Even this exceptional development of "worldliness" it must be admitted is but a feeble imitation of that sagacity which annually invests untold thousands of dollars in multiplied millions of newspaper advertisements, chromos, circulars, dodgers, hand bills, posters and the nameless and numberless devices of like intent that are thrust into our homes, into our hands, under our very noses; that bedizen fences, trees, stumps, rocks, and dead walls, forcing upon the most obtuse a recognition of the fact that this is the golden age of advertising, discounted somewhat by the allowance of impudence it carries. The world having most thoroughly tested the matter, knows the efficiency of the "black missionary" in small affairs as the church does not, puts a corresponding value upon it and presses it into constant service as the church does not.

The many benefits that would accrue to the cause of Christ by a change of policy just here on the part of organized bodies representing that cause before the world, are too obvious to need recital; no reflecting mind can fail to perceive them.

Ye pastors hear this story: "A duck which had laid several dozen eggs during the season complained that while her working record was better than the hen's, the latter had books and even poems written in her honor, while no one had a word of praise for the duck. A wise old rooster standing by, said: 'You lay an egg and then waddle off without saying a word, while this sister of mine never lays an egg without letting every one in the neighborhood know about it. Did you ever know a hen to lay an egg and fail to 'cackle'?' " If you want to accomplish anything you must *advertise*. The point of the story is in its application to the subject under discussion.

Send us samples of your church printing.

Clergyman's Co-operative Correspondence Club.

For mutual helpfulness and exchange of printed matter and plans.

Rev. Ellison R. Cook, Secretary,
Washington, Ga.

(Note.—Address all communications for this department to the secretary, above address.)

"4 C Club" Membership. Its Value to You.

Our list of "4 C members" continues to grow. We ought to have 1,000 names by Aug. 1st. We wish to name a few of the advantages of membership:

(1). By sending a two cent stamp to the secretary you can get by return mail specimens of the best in church printing.

(2). Should you wish suggestions as to how to get up any special form, service or program, a line to the secretary will bring you valuable aid by return mail.

(3). Information not only as to how to do things, but *when to get things* may be had from the secretary. The "4 C Club," among other things, is an "Information Bureau."

(4). Membership in the "4 C Club" will entitle you to special prices and discounts on almost anything a pastor needs to buy. At an early day we hope to be in position to send to our members aid that is valuable along this line.

(5). Other benefits then will be as our membership increases, and we are thus enabled to develop and perfect our plans.

We are exceedingly anxious to have you join us and make the following

Special Offer.

Send fifty cents for a year's membership and your name will be entered and one of our Pastor's Pocket Directory for Systematic Visitation will be sent you post paid.

Send one dollar and your name will be entered as a full paid member for one year and you may select 200 of the "New Idea Cards," Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Any assortment you desire. They will be sent you post paid.

Send two dollars and your name will be entered, and we will send you a complete Card Index Outfit for church roll. It consists of a handsome polished oak cabinet, 400 cards printed and ruled, with guide cards, etc., all complete. This is the outfit that is being sold for \$3.50. Address

REV. ELLISON R. COOK,
Washington, Ga.

Printed Matter Received.

[See March, April and May Current Anecdotes for former lists. Always send stamp for postage when requesting specimens.]

We still have specimens 1 to 28.

No. 29, Benevolent Collection Card.

No. 30, Collection Card and Circular Letter.

No. 31, Blank with stub, for pastors' use in requesting special watch care for new convert.

No. 32, Combination Request and Record Card. Used by pastor, Wm. J. Coulston, Greensburg, Pa., in asking his members to visit special cases and make needed calls.

No. 33, Reminder of Anniversary of Baptism. Baptismal scene in tent, with appropriate words across the picture.

No. 34, Personal Invitation Card.

No. 35, Information Card.

No. 36, Assessment form, with perforated blank for increasing or diminishing amount apportioned.

Send always 2c. stamp for postage. Mail specimens of your church printing to the secretary.

CARD INDEX SYSTEMS.

Will you not kindly turn to page 366, May Current Anecdotes, and note again the description there given of this up-to-date method adapted for pastors' use and to the work of the

church. If you could but realize how much time and trouble would be saved, and the value and satisfaction in the use of the system you would not be without the outfit a day. Like the telephone and other modern improvements, this system is simply indispensable when once used.

IT SOLVES THE CHURCH ROLL PROBLEM.

The pastors who introduce it will not only greatly facilitate their own work, but will render a distinct and valuable service to the church they serve and the pastors who may succeed them, in all the years to come.

For a limited time The Pastors' Supplies Company, Washington, Ga., is offering a \$3.50 complete outfit for only \$2.00. The polished oak case will last for twenty years or longer. Additional cards can be had at a nominal price, so that this system is not only the best but by far the most economical a pastor can use. For \$2.50 you can get the combination roll arranged to keep roll by individuals and by families, all in same case.

THE CARD SYSTEM.

Beyond any question the very acme of perfection for keeping facts, sermon notes, indexing library and a variety of other purposes. One beauty of this system is that it so readily adapts itself to any end. This outfit complete only \$1.50.

FOR CHURCH TREASURERS.

The Card Index is the most convenient and satisfactory method yet devised for keeping a record of weekly payments of church dues. Complete outfit \$2.50. Send 2-cent stamp for samples, etc., to Pastors' Supplies Co., Washington, Ga.

CHURCH PRINTING.

We call your attention again to the "New Idea" cards. Welcome, Invitation, Information, etc. Just what you need. Handsome cards at nominal price. Send 2-cent stamp for samples. Pastors' Supplies Co., Washington, Ga.

HOW REV. R. A. TORREY USES TRACTS.

Like many others he grew up, he says, with the idea that tracts were all rubbish and he did not even read them, much less use them. Now, however, he always carries a supply with him adopted to different conditions. He regards them as especially valuable to use in opening religious conversation with strangers. It is easy to put a leaflet into the hand of a stranger and ask him to read it, or ask if he is interested in that subject, and thus the way is opened for whatever may seem best. Then again they are useful to close a conversation with where nothing more can be said, or to send to those whom you cannot reach by conversation. In this way one can talk to people at a distance, and to those whom you never meet alone, or where it would be wise to open conversation on religious topics. Mr. Torrey himself once read a very great blessing from a tract which opened his eyes to the value of this kind of work.

BANKS' SERMONS.

Vol. II.

INCORPORATED WITH CURRENT ANECDOTES.

No. 7.

A Story of the Kitchen. ✓

"The kingdom is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." Matthew 13: 33. ✓

One of the notable and beautiful features about the stories of Jesus is the universality of their application. They mean just as much to us now as they did to the people to whom they were spoken. Christ spoke for all time and for all people, and these simple parables are alike applicable to the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the high and the low, wherever man is found. Bread is the staff of life and bread-making is the well-worn ordinary of every kitchen, whether it be in the cottage or the mansion.

I used to greatly enjoy the bread-making day when I was a boy. We lived on the frontier in Oregon, and the bread was baked either in great tin reflectors or in huge iron ovens that were placed on the wide hearthstone before the fireplace, the red coals heaped under them and over them. It was my delight to see my mother bring out the different articles that were to go into the making of bread. The great panful of flour, the salt, and the milk or water, and then the cup of homemade yeast which was the leaven of her bread-making. And I can remember that in my earliest boyhood one of the first marvels of my life was at the wisdom and skill of my mother, who could take those things that were so unlike bread and, putting them together and kneading the combination, make them into loaves of bread. I used to like to watch the loaves as they began to rise, little by little, until the great oven was full, and they were ready for the baking. And the mystery of yeast or leaven is still to me something wonderful. You have the dry-as-dust flour, the little pinch of salt, a cup of water, and a bit of yeast, and, lo, when kneaded together by the skillful hand of the bread-maker, and given warmth, you have the loaves of bread with some strange impulse of life in them that causes them to become indeed the very bread of life to the human body.

It is the yeast or leaven which is the supreme chemical agency in bringing about the transformation. It pervades all the other materials. It sends something of its own pungency and power into every particle of the mass of dough. It all becomes animated and alive with the spirit that is in the yeast. It is not really bread until every particle is leavened and dominated by that strange and powerful agency. So it is with human character. A man does not reach his true manhood until the leaven of the kingdom of heaven pervades all his heart and mind with the divine Spirit, bringing his nature into harmony with God and bringing every element of his being into harmony with every other element. Many people who are not Christians have many good impulses and many noble characteristics, but it is only the divine Christ who has shown himself able to harmonize all these impulses and good characteristics and dominate and master the life with a supreme purpose which insures a holy character. Christ holds a man's character together as the yeast sends its magnetic influence into every part of the mass of dough, enlivening it and vitalizing it with its own pervading power. And when we ask a man to be a Christian we are asking him to permit the coming into his life of the one great and glorious personality which will animate his entire being and bring his whole character into unity because it is dominated by one great, supreme, holy purpose.

SEEKING THE BEST.

244-477 245

I was reading recently, in the life of Professor Henry Drummond, this little utterance of his addressed to some young college men. Said Drummond: "Do not seek the kingdom of heaven unless you are determined to have the best." That is the very essence of Christianity. As Christ is the one perfect Man of all the ages, so the Christian today, who genuinely and sincerely opens his heart to Christ as the flour or the meal opens its heart to the leaven, is giving himself the chance of the very best and most perfect manhood that is possible in this world. Strange, is it not, that in character above every place else we should be willing to take less than the best? In business, in making purchases of books, or clothing, or flowers, or in the larger purchases of house and lands, we always get the best if we can afford it. Many times we cannot afford it, and compromise because we must measure our purchase by our pocketbook; but in character every man may live like a prince and every woman may be God's queen, for here it is not what we are able to pay—ragged we would be indeed if that were the case—but "He who was rich, for our sake became poor"—Christ, who had the glory and wealth of heaven, emptied himself of it all for us. And we may admit him into our hearts, into the very spirit of our daily life, until we shall be clothed upon with all the beauty and the glory of the Christ.

OUR SUBSTITUTE.

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Adelaide Proctor tells the story of a young girl who, centuries ago, lived in a convent in France. She was sweet and pure, and admired of all who came to know her. Her work was to care for the altar of Mary and answer the portal. Wars swept over France and

brought the soldiers to the convent, and one that was wounded was given into her care. When he recovered he persuaded her to leave the convent. She went with him to Paris, where she lost her good name and everything that made life worth living. Years passed away, and finally she came back to die with the notes of the old convent bell in her ears. She fell fainting upon the steps, and there came to find her not a young girl as she had been, blooming and fair, but such a one as she would have grown to be, a pure and noble woman. This good woman picked her up and carried her into the convent and placed her on her bed. All the years since that young girl had gone away this comrade had done not only her own work but that of the absent girl, and none knew of her disgrace; so she glided into her old place, and no one in the convent ever knew of her sin. What a wealth of womanly love was in that good woman's heart! But more than that Christ has done and is willing to do for us. That was only one comrade standing in the place of another; but Christ came from the heaven of glory and bore earth's sorrow and poverty and shame and was buffeted and beaten and insulted and crucified that he might stand in our stead, that he might pay our debt. All the wealth of heaven is represented in the rich provision which Jesus Christ has made for us. Do not allow yourself ever to say again, "I know my life is very unsatisfactory, but it is the best I can do." It is not the best you can do, unless you have given Christ the full right of way in your heart. I can imagine a painful of dough animated by some vicious spirit that would refuse to let the leaven find its way through its particles, and so at last it would come out of the oven soggy and heavy, and when asked for an explanation would say, "I know I am not very good bread, but it is the best I can do." Would that be true? It is the best it can do without the leaven, and it is not better because the leaven has not had a chance to do its reviving and magnetic work. And the only reason that you are not a better Christian, the only reason your heart does not glow like the morning in the hope and courage that comes from the Sun of Righteousness, is because Heaven's yeast has not had a fair chance in your heart. Christ is ready to enrich us in all the beautiful graces of Christian character, and there is no beautiful flower of goodness that has ever blossomed and yielded its fragrance in any heart that is not possible to be reared in your soul if you will yield it to be cultivated by the Holy Spirit. That is such a wonderful statement and may seem so exaggerated that I want to say it over again, that we may get it deep into our hearts: There never was a hero or a saint among men in olden time, or at the present, that lived or is living with sweeter, purer, nobler career than is possible to you and to me. Oh, may God help us to behold the great possibility of our lives! May a divine homesickness, a heavenly longing, a hungering and a thirsting after righteousness possess all our hearts.

Surely this old home story of the kitchen, simple and homely in its message, ought to impress each one of us with the great fact that our lives will fail completely of the real purpose of a man's living in this world if we go on without having the leaven of the presence of Jesus Christ in our hearts. If we miss the invigoration and inspiration and transformation of that divine personality, then life is really going to be a failure to us. Now, I imagine there is not a person here this evening who has not at some time promised God to do that very thing. In sickness, or at the deathbed of father, or mother, or friend, or in some time of dire peril, the soul has cried out to God, and there has been in the heart and it may be on the lips a promise to let Christ into the life and give the whole heart and soul up to goodness and to the pursuit of the very best things; but the vow has not been kept, and as time passes it comes to be more and more doubtful if it ever will be kept.

PAYING VOWS TO GOD.

(Lecture, 1877) 247

A gentleman relates an interesting little incident of the old days of travel by stage-coach. One of the passengers, a sea captain, told how in a dreadful storm his vessel had been wrecked and every soul on board except himself and one or two sailors had been lost. He had saved his life by holding on to a plank, and was at the mercy of the waves for a considerable time. The company pitied the unfortunate captain, who was returning home to his family destitute; but they wondered that a man telling—and very evidently truly—of an escape almost miraculous should end nearly every sentence with an oath. When the coach stopped to change horses, a gentleman proposed to the captain to walk on with him and let the coach overtake them. As they walked the gentleman said: "Did I understand you last night that you had lost your ship?"

"Yes."

"That all your crew were drowned except yourself and one or two sailors?"

"Yes."

"That you saved your life on a plank?"

"Yes."

"Forgive me, then, for asking you one question more: When on that plank did you not vow to God that if he would spare you, you would lead a very different kind of life?"

"None of your business," said the captain, angrily.

The coach by this time came up, and they got up outside. The day passed on without anything occurring to break the journey, and toward evening, as the coach was entering the town, the shipwrecked captain excused himself from joining the rest of the passengers at supper, and the passengers immediately surmised it was because he had no money. The gentleman who had questioned him in the morning took from his pocket a handsome sum of money and offered it to him.

"No," said the captain, "I am poor, yet I am no beggar."

"But," replied the gentleman, "I do not give it to you as a beggar, but as to an unfortunate brother."

The sincere kindness in the gentleman's manner could not be mistaken. The captain could not refuse the gift, but he took it as if he was half ashamed of accepting a benefit.

The captain went to bed with a heavy heart, while the man who had assisted him retired to rest thankful that he had helped a suffering brother. He was surprised the next morning at daylight to hear some one rap at his door. He opened it, and beheld the captain standing before him in tears. The captain took his hand, pressed it, and said: "Sir, I have not slept a wink since I saw you. I was angry with you yesterday. I am now come to ask your pardon. I did, while on that plank, vow to God that I would live differently from what I ever had done, and by God's help from this time forward I am determined to do so."

Have you any vows like that, which you have registered in the hour of your need and then have forgotten them and lived on as though you had never promised God to do differently? Pay your vows to God tonight.

✓ Man, Today, Tomorrow, and the Day After Tomorrow.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what ye shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure."—I John 3: 2, 3.

MAN FROM HUMAN AND DIVINE STANDPOINTS.

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A noted speculator, who is reputed to have won millions of dollars in the recent orgies of the stock exchange in New York city, which ended in such a disastrous panic, whereby multitudes of men and women lost all their savings of many years and some lost their lives, has been giving to the public his philosophy of men and of life. He lays it down as one of the foundation stones of his creed about men that, "Men are bad." In his philosophy, "They are all bad." His advice is, "Never trust any man absolutely." For, he declares, "There is no such thing as a good man."

I want to set over in contrast to this pessimistic and dangerous statement, the philosophy of Jesus Christ. Christ saw in man greater possibilities than any one else had ever seen. He knew what was in man better than anybody else had ever known. And knowing man thoroughly, he thought better of him than any other philosopher. John, who was very close to Christ, having been his intimate friend for years, and who knew the thought of Christ more perfectly than any other man, has given us here an epitome of Christ's faith about man and his possible future. John declares that man is now already the son of God. He may be a prodigal son, he may be a degraded son, he may have fallen into bad company like the man on the road to Jericho who fell among thieves, and have been stripped of many things; but still, robbed and wounded as he is, he is God's son. There is royal blood in his veins, and blood is thicker than water. Man starts out in the race of life with this marvellous advantage, this pledge of possible victory, that he is the son of the Highest.

All appeals which are made to men to rise to a life of holiness and splendid character are on this foundation that man is the son of God, and that the perfectly good and pure life of God is possible to every man under proper conditions of association and fellowship with the divine nature.

We have revealed to us in Jesus Christ this perfect manhood. I presume that even this philosopher of the stock exchange would admit that Jesus Christ was a perfect man. One might put faith in him absolutely. His life has been held up before the gaze of the world as has no other life, and it has stood the test perfectly. No one has been able to point out any black spot in the character of Jesus. His career is without blemish. Never once did he yield to selfishness or sinful indulgence, or prove treacherous in any way to any man or woman who trusted him. He was a knight without reproach. Here is the perfect gentleman.

Now John's theory of the building up of a universal manhood which shall be strong and noble is based primarily on the idea that Christ shall be lifted up before the world, and men seeing him live a pure life in the midst of the trying, disheartening conditions of this world shall take courage for themselves and believe that it is possible for them in the same strength of God which gave victory to Christ to gain conquest over all their foes and live in the same chivalric and heroic spirit. John's theory is that if a man can have a vision of a life higher and more beautiful than his own, and can have born in himself the hope that that high and beautiful life is possible for him to achieve, there is possibility of advancement and progress. This makes the vision, the ideal, of greatest importance. Man is to be transformed into the Christ life primarily through beholding the Christ.

GLORIFIED DEATH.

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Cannon Scott Holland, in giving some reminiscences of that marvellously sweet singer, Jenny Lind, tells how on one occasion she had gone to look on the face of her friend, Mrs. Nassau Senior, after death. The son of her friend had shown her the stairs, and pointed out the door of the room where the body lay, and put a candle in her hand and left her. She pushed open the door and entered alone, and there before her lay the face, fine and clear-cut, encompassed with a mass of white flowers. On it was peace, and a smile. But that was not all. Said Jenny Lind afterward: "It was not her own look that was in her

face. It was the look of another, the face of another, that had passed into hers. It was the shadow of Christ that had come upon her. She had seen Christ, and I put out my candle and said, 'Let me see this thing. Let me stop here always. Let me sit and look. Where are my children? Let them come and see. Here is a woman who has seen Christ.' And who of us have been so poor in our associations that we have not known men and women, and do not know them now, who have seen the Christ with such clear eyes that the spirit of Jesus has passed into them and possessed them and glorified them with a glory all his own?

The most discouraging thing about this material, money-mad epoch in which we are living is that so many of us come to be only earth-diggers, money-grubbers, with our eyes in the dirt, and with no high vision of God and Christ and holiness. That a man digs with a golden shovel instead of a steel one is of no importance to character.

SPIRITUAL SIGHT.

250

A man may be as lost to spiritual vision when playing with millions in a Wall street counting-room as when digging with a pick in a subway excavation. Goethe makes one of his characters say: "My soul has its feelers, not eyes. It gropes, it does not see. Oh, that it might get eyes, that it could look!" And so there are many today who are only human moles, who feel their way through the black underground of selfishness and self-indulgence, and push up their little piles of dirt, and are satisfied. Now the only way to save such a soul is in some way to open its eyes to a glimpse of the sky and the upper world. A man will never rise who does not believe in anything better than himself. No man will ever be a good man who believes every other man is bad. If money and business blind a man to everything else, and in the sharp race for success he comes to believe that "there is no such thing as a good man," then it is not possible for that man himself ever to become good unless he gets a vision of higher things. As a matter of fact, this philosophy of the stock exchange is an utterly false and devilish libel on human life. We all know that there are multitudes of good men in every department of human affairs. There are men in every honorable trade and in every decent profession who live up to their light as God gives them to see it, and who would die, and every year some of them do die, rather than prove false to themselves and their keen sense of their duty to God and their fellows.

Christianity has been steadily lifting the world out of the mire by showing men that the perfect manhood of Jesus is possible. Men seeing the good life catch hope and take heart for themselves. John describes it, this evolution of the strong and noble character, very clearly in the Scripture we have chosen, when he says: "And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." You may see a striking illustration of the way in which men grow really great by studying the development of the character of Moses. Moses, in his youth, caught a glimpse of something higher and better than anything he saw in the court of Egypt. It was that which made him choose rather to suffer affliction with his own people than to follow a conspicuous career as an Egyptian prince. But it was in the desert, where for forty years he herded flocks of sheep and had a chance to meditate and commune with God, that his own nature was developed and his vision clarified until he saw God and talked with him.

MOSES' DISCOVERY.

See page 491 251

Rev. Alfred Hough has recently given us a poem, full of spiritual insight, discussing this very thought of the growth of soul in Moses. It is entitled, "Moses at the Burning Bush." Dr. Hough says:

"One day more of common brightness, nothing new in earth or sky,
Same old valleys, same old mountains, common to the common eye;
But, as Moses looked that morning, things were not the same to him,
Earth was rich in sound and glory, full, and running o'er the brim;
Trees rose up aflame before him, voices echoed through the skies—
On that day his spirit listened, and his soul looked through his eyes.

"That was why he stayed in Midian, to and fro its pastures trod,
Through long years of weary waiting, waiting for himself, not God.
What avails that he should meet us if our eyes are closed or bound?
What avails his calling, calling, if we hear no voice nor sound?
All the universe is silent, blank and dead this old world lies,
Till we listen with our spirits, and our souls see through our eyes.

"Moses found himself in Midian—came to hearing, came to sight!
All the great deeps of his being rose that morning to full height.
He had learned how near Jehovah to a mortal man can be,
Heard his voice across the desert, seen his glory in a tree.
All the world will weave around us sights and sounds of paradise,
When we listen with our spirits, and our souls look through our eyes.

"There to Moses seemed that desert like a stretch of heaven's street,
For he bowed low in the glory, took the sandals from his feet,
Rose and gazed straight on and answered, God still looking in his face,
And was not afraid to meet him, out there in a desert place;
For the voice of God is tender, and all fear of danger dies
When we listen with our spirits, and we see with clearer eyes.

"God has not gone into hiding, nor in silence molds his thought,
Only to the eye that's holden, and the ear that hears him not.
That same bush had flamed with glory other days, as 'on the last,
But the man saw the rude outline of a common tree—and passed.
So we miss the glow of beauty, hear no accents deep and wise.
Till we listen with our spirits, and we see with other eyes.

"All the flowers along the valleys, all the mountains forest-plumed,
Sun and star and men and angels, stand in fire and unconsumed.
Speech divine as any written in the ancient, sacred Word
Now is spoken all around us, and may anywhere be heard.
But the silence is unbroken and the light beyond us flies,
Till we listen with our spirits, and see farther than our eyes.

"There are men, as man is measured, walking daily on the streets,
Who see but a silver dollar, and hear when a big drum beats;
Trees are worth so much for timber, mountains for the wealth they hold;
They would trade in air and sunshine if these could be bought and sold.
Each is but a money market; God has vanished from their skies;
For their spirit sinks within them; there's no soul behind their eyes."

Successful men, who have the ear of the multitude because of their conspicuous position, can either do great good or great harm by their attitude toward manhood and life. A successful business man, whose fortune makes him an object of interest and envy to young and ambitious spirits, who looks at life through the jaundiced eyes of this pessimistic stock-speculator and who yields to the temptation to make such utterances, does vast harm. His words blight like a pestilence. There is a devastating power about such false statements which withers up boys and young men by the multitude. Make a young man believe that all men are bad, that in business dishonesty is the rule and not the exception, and that a high sense of honor and a rigid standard of integrity in business life is impossible, and you have dwarfed him from the start. You have broken his ideals, and it would have been far more kind to have broken his neck. You have taken the beautiful soul vision, holding up a noble and splendid business career, crushed it to earth and stamped it under your feet. You have robbed him of his wings, thrown sand in his eyes, made a human mole of him, instead of an eagle which ought to fly in the upper air in the face of the sun.

We could have no greater theme than this. More than our lives hangs on it, our very souls are in the balance. Paul says, "Ye are saved by hope," and John declares that it is the man who has the hope of becoming like Jesus Christ, who through that very hope purifies himself and becomes pure in soul, even as Christ is pure.

HAWTHORNE'S GREAT STONE FACE.

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Hawthorne, our greatest American soul-student in fiction, has given us a profound discussion of this thought in his allegory of "The Great Stone Face": Some of you remember how the young man, Ernest, had when a child heard from his mother's lips the local prophecy that some day there should come to the valley one bearing an exact resemblance to the great stone face which they could see in the neighboring mountain, and being the greatest and noblest personage of the time, should be a great blessing to those among whom he lived; and he had taken the prophecy more seriously than the other inhabitants of the valley. As he had greater faith, he had the power of seeing more clearly than his neighbors the grandeur of the strange, stony outline, and so the prophecy meant more to him than to the rest, and the hope of its fulfillment entered more deeply into his life. Ever, as the years passed, that hope became stronger and of richer meaning. When this one and that one came to the valley and was regarded as the fulfillment of the prophecy—Mr. Gathergold, the millionaire; General Blood and Thunder, the military hero; Old Stony Phiz, the eminent statesman; and the poet, whose wondrous song glorified both nature and humanity. Ernest had great hope that, at last, the promised man had come; but he was always the first to discover that it was another disappointment. But ever as the prophecy's fulfillment was thus deferred, the great stone face seemed to whisper to him, "Fear not, Ernest; he will come." As he thus dearly cherished the hope of the great man's coming, he gave himself to doing good, preparing the people for the great benefactor's arrival, doing the best he could as he thought the great one would do when he came. As time went on his life became so pure and high and his soul so generous and wise that the people came to him with their needs and troubles, and felt in his presence the benignity of the great stone face, and had a greater confidence that one would come who resembled it, until, at length, when Ernest had grown old, with the grey about his face like the mists which often hung about the face in the mountain, the people saw that he resembled it. His hope had transfigured his features, even as the character of which they were the expression, and the people said, "The man resembling the great stone face is with us."

Brothers, sisters, let us learn the great lesson. If we are to live great lives, we must be inspired by great ideals, we must live in the atmosphere of great hopes. If we allow ourselves to be deceived and drawn away after the low and vulgar and wicked standards of worldly men, we ourselves shall become low and vulgar and mean. But if in the midst of

it all we shall keep our eyes upon Jesus Christ and study his beauty and nobility, cherishing the blessed hope that it is possible for us, by his grace, to become like him, then we shall become conformed to his image, and at last we shall come to see him as he is and we shall be like him.

HOPE FOR THE MORROW.

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Dear friends, we are in for a long race, and we cannot afford to be careless or indifferent concerning the ideals which we cherish and the hopes that inspire us. Nothing that is not noble enough for us to cherish as an ideal for all eternity should be allowed to fill our thought or our love for an hour. It is not today only, nor even tomorrow, but the everlasting day after tomorrow which we must consider now. As some one sings:

"The fog that is on the world to-day,
It will be on the world to-morrow;
Not all the strength of the sun can drive
His bright spear's furrow.

"Hope in to-day there is none,
Nor from yesterday can I borrow.
But I think that I feel the wind
Of the dawn that is after to-morrow.

"Yesterday and to-day
Have been heavy with care and sorrow,
I should faint if I did not see
The day that is after to-morrow.

"The cause of the people I serve to-day
In impatience and sorrow,
Once again is defeated, but yet 'twill be won,
In the day that is after to-morrow.

"And for me with spirit elate,
The fire and the fog I press through,
For heaven shines under the cloud
Of the day that is after to-morrow."

A Man who Found a Pot of Gold. ✓

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field."—Matthew 13: 44.

PROVED A GOLD MINE.

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The story is told of one of the great mining kings of America who now counts his wealth by many millions of dollars, that he got his start toward great wealth in a peculiar way. He got some intimation that a certain mine which was not regarded very highly by its owners was nevertheless rich and might be made very profitable. He went and hired out to work in that mine and worked there as a common miner for several months until he had satisfied himself of the great value of the mine. He then went away, sold all that he had, and borrowed all he could get trusted for, and bought that mine, reaping from it great profit.

But in the days of Christ all the East where men and women had been living for hundreds and thousands of years was more or less a gold field. There were in those days no safe deposit vaults, no banks where money could be cared for in safety, and there was very little opportunity to invest hoarded silver or gold in traffic. It was also an uncertain and turbulent world, and there was only one way to make sure of wealth and that was to hide it away. And so it became a common thing to hide gold and silver and precious stones in the earth. To this secret treasure-place the owner would go from time to time and draw from it the riches that were needed for use. But as the wealth was not safe unless the hiding place was kept secret, it would naturally occur very frequently that the sudden death of the one who had hidden the treasure would leave the secret of the hiding-place unknown. It was a warlike time, and predatory bands of robbers and invasions of an enemy would ever and anon drive the people from their homes, and many a man dying in battle would have no opportunity to make known to his friends the secret hiding-place of his treasure. And thus it became true, as Thomas Guthrie says, that "The earth became a bank in which was accumulated during the course of ages a vast amount of unclaimed deposits."

So you see the story which Jesus brought to these people was one full of teaching to them. There was not a man who heard him who, if called upon to testify, could not have borne witness to similar cases that had come under his own observation. Here is a man who lives down in the village. He has his little house and home plot and his team, but is not able to own a field yet. He rents a field on the shares out in the country. One morning he goes out to plough with his rude old-fashioned wooden plough, pulled through the earth slowly by a yoke of oxen. He is busy holding the plough in its place so that it will scratch up the earth as much as possible, when suddenly the point of the plough strikes something hard and nearly throws him over onto the oxen, as they lunge forward. He supposes it is a stone, but as he digs the earth away his eyes stand out in astonishment, for he sees that his plough has torn into a bag of gold, and there are the rich coins before his eyes. He does not need to be told what has happened. He knows that here is an old unclaimed treasure, and that under the law it would belong to any man who owns the field. He is full of joy but he is also full of fear and anxiety. He looks all around very stealthily. No one is in sight, no one has noticed his rich find. Carefully he replaces the sod, puts everything back so that is will look as before, carefully sticks the old plough back in place, as

though he had naturally left the field to go on some other business and then he hurries his oxen away to town. When he gets back to town he astonished people with his efforts to sell out. He sells out his house and lot, sells his furniture, sells his oxen, sells everything in the world he has got. Of course such forced sales never bring full value, and his neighbors think the man must be crazy to squander his goods in this way. But he knows what he is about; he has priced the field before, and he knows what he can buy it for, and when by forcing a sale on all his possessions he secures the needed sum he hurries away to the owner and buys the field. The people still say he is crazy. How is he going to live on that field without any house, and how is he going to work it without oxen? But all their hootings soon turn to admiration and praise, for as soon as the man gets a deed to the place he goes back and upturns his rich treasure, and forever after his family are able to live in a much better house and to enjoy more of comfort and luxury than they have ever dreamed of knowing before. Everybody agrees now that he was indeed a wise man when he sold all that he had, even at a sacrifice, to buy the field in which he had found the hidden treasure.

Now the Lord Jesus Christ says that the kingdom of heaven is like that—that when we give up all our sins, and all our own selfish ambitions, and take him not only to be our Savior but our Lord and King, we exchange poverty for great riches, and that there is no better investment, indeed there is no investment in the world so good, as for a man to sell out all that he has to depend upon, and trust in, and put his trust in Jesus Christ. And this is true from whatever standpoint you may look at the matter. Wealth is only a symbol of comfort and happiness, and when it fails to bring these it is a worthless thing; yet at how many points in life it does fail. But Jesus Christ has the power to give to our hearts a blessed comfort and peace which are beyond anything the greatest riches of the world can possibly bestow. He is the one friend that has power to comfort us in every emergency of life. The wealth which he gives us is the one sort of wealth which is honored everywhere and can give a silver lining to every cloud in our experience.

"NOR CHARGE GOD FOOLISHLY."

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Dr. Lorimer of Boston once ran into a blizzard in North Carolina when he was traveling on a lecture trip. The storm was sudden and unexpected and so unusually severe that it caused great suffering. The train was delayed and a number of passengers were obliged to wait on a side-track in an ordinary coach for several hours. Dr. Lorimer saw one man with his head bowed on the back of the seat before him. Finally, becoming hungry and impatient, the doctor moved up and down the car a few times, and then went outside to walk up and down the track. As he passed along he came near three or four gentlemen and overheard one of them say to another: "It is very sad." Dr. Lorimer said to himself: "Yes, it is sad to have all our plans upset in this way," and he walked on. As he came around again in his walk he heard one old gentleman say: "But he don't complain." Then he tramped on again, saying, "There is one amiable person on board, then, who does not complain." As he came back once more, he heard the man say, very solemnly: "And he doesn't charge God foolishly." Then Dr. Lorimer stopped and said: "Tell me, brother, who is this delightful soul you have on board who can stay on a side-track all these hours and yet retain his equilibrium?" "Don't you know?" they all cried. "That man in there with the bowed head. He is a railroad man, and he came home this morning from trying to clear some of the tracks, about four o'clock, and he was cold. As he entered the house, he threw off his wraps, and his wife said: 'Come into the house and go to bed.' He went to bed, and waking after two or three hours, he put his hand over on his wife, and she was dead. Her body is in the baggage car." This was the man who had been so terribly smitten, who was yet submissive to God's will, who did not complain and did not charge God foolishly. Surely that man had a hidden treasure of hope and confidence worth more than all the wealth in the world. No wonder Paul calls that kind of peace "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

And yet to many people this treasure is hidden. It is not only the heathen world, which has never heard about Jesus, to whom it is hidden; but here in our own country, and in our own city, and to some in this congregation, Christ is a hidden treasure which you have not yet discovered. It is not that you have not heard about him; it is probable that you cannot remember the time when you first heard about Christ as the Savior. Back in your childhood, among your first memories, are memories of prayers and songs and books and papers that were full of teaching about Jesus. You have been taught in the Sunday-school and have heard sermons in the church, until you have perhaps been ready to say that you know as much about Christ as does any one; yet the truth is that Christ is as unknown to you as was that hidden treasure to the poor farmer until his plough turned up the gold before his eyes. For to know Christ only as a historical character, as one may know Napoleon, or Washington, or General Grant, is not to know at all the deep precious treasure that fills the heart with peace, that banishes sin, and that inspires to noble and holy deeds.

Christ does not become the real treasure of your life until he becomes your personal Savior in a sense as near and as certain as it would be if you were the only man living in the world for whom he died. When you come to really see Christ coming from heaven to be your Savior, see him as he is hungry, and misunderstood, and beaten, and finally as he is nailed to the cross, and realize that it is for you, and then follow him to the grave, watch and wait with agony and suspense until the angel comes down from heaven on Easter morning, and the keepers fall like dead men when Christ comes out of the grave in glorious

victory and realize that that means immortality for you; and then you look up to heaven as Stephen did, and see your Savior sitting on the right hand of the Majesty on high, and realize that he is your High Priest, and that he "ever liveth to make intercession" for you. And thus you behold him until your sins seem horrible to you, and you obey him and come and fall down on your knees before the mercy-seat, and cry out in repentance, and beg his forgiveness, and take him to be your Savior and your Lord; and the Lord says to you as he said to one whom he blessed while here in the flesh, "According to your faith be it unto you," and all your sins are gone, and all your heart is filled with joy. It is this personal love of Christ which I offer you tonight as the greatest treasure that you may have as a personal possession.

"CHRIST FOR ME,"

256

Frank Weaver, an English evangelist, tells this very interesting story of a conversion: The story may be said to begin in South Africa, where, after the battle of Spion Kop, three British soldiers who were wounded in the battle lay in the hospital. Two of the three, who were brothers, were Roman Catholics, and the third was a Protestant. One of the Romanists and the Protestant were dying of their wounds. The Romanist was telling his beads and the Protestant asked the reason.

"Because," was the reply, "I am a good Catholic."

"Indeed," said the Protestant soldier, "Well, I once heard Richard Weaver preach at Rotherhite, and he said that it is not being a Roman Catholic or a Protestant that saves us, it is having 'Christ for me'; and for my part I can say it, 'It's Christ for me.'"

Both men passed away. The third, the surviving Romanist, recovering, was sent home as an invalid, and in relating his war experiences to his family circle at Deptford, he told the story of this hospital incident.

A few weeks afterwards two of his sisters, who were also Romanists, were passing along a street in the vicinity of their home, when they saw a placard announcing that the Weaver brothers, sons of Richard Weaver, were to preach and sing that night at the East Greenwich Tabernacle. One of the young women was much impressed and said, "These are the sons of the 'Christ for me' man. I'll go to hear them."

She did so, and the spirit of God carried the message straight to her heart. At the close of the sermon she went into the inquiry room, where she was pointed to the Savior. Although she had been a member of the Roman Catholic Church all her life, the knowledge of having Christ as a personal treasure in her heart had been to her like the treasure hidden in the field; but in that inquiry room she caught a vision of him, and gave up all she had of earthly confidence and took this rich treasure as her all in all. As she left the Tabernacle that evening she joyfully said, "It's Christ for me."

She now felt it her duty to tell the priest that she was no longer a Romanist. Accordingly she called on the priest, who was greatly concerned.

"Why have you done this?" he asked.

"Because," she replied, "it's not being a Roman Catholic or Protestant that saves us, but it is having 'Christ for me.'"

"You cannot prove that," rejoined the priest.

"Perhaps I cannot," she said, "but it's 'Christ for me.'"

The young woman was employed in connection with the wardrobe or dressing department at one of the London theaters, and her forewoman was a Roman Catholic. The priest being aware of this, instructed the forewoman to dismiss the convert immediately. He thought that would scare her into giving up her new faith. The sequel, however, did not satisfy his reverence.

"I can do nothing with her," said the forewoman. "She says, 'It's Christ for me.'"

"But you must stop her," urged the priest.

"It's no use at all," was the reply. "I tell you, she says, 'It's 'Christ for me,' and as Christ is both your Master and mine, I can do no more.'"

But the priest was more successful among her own people, and succeeded in having her driven away from home; but in spite of all her sorrows and troubles, she goes on her way rejoicing, telling her friends, "It isn't being a Roman Catholic or a Protestant; it's having 'Christ for me.'"

It is a salvation like that I bring to you tonight. I want you to have Christ personally as your own treasure, in which you can rejoice through all the troubles which may come to you in this world, and at last find in him a glorious immortality in the world beyond.

The Secret of a Happy Day. ✓

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."—Psalm 25: 14. ✓

Frances Ridley Havergal, whose life and writings have so greatly blessed mankind, and whose poems have often come as a word in season to him that is weary, studied the words of this text until they awoke music in her heart and she carolled forth one of the most beautiful of all her songs, entitled "The Secret of a Happy Day."

Before we study some of the characteristics of a happy day as outlined by the poet, let us first comfort ourselves with the song itself.

"Just to let thy Father do
 What he will;
 Just to know that he is true,
 And be still.
 Just to follow hour by hour
 As he leadeth;
 Just to draw the moment's power
 As it needeth.
 Just to trust him, this is all!
 Then the day will surely be
 Peaceful, whatso'er befall,
 Bright and blessed, calm and free.

"Just to let him speak to thee
 Through his Word,
 Watching, that his voice may be
 Clearly heard.
 Just to tell him everything,
 As it rises,
 And at once to him to bring
 All surprises.
 Just to listen and to stay
 Where you can not miss his voice.
 This is all! and thus today,
 Communing so, you shall rejoice.

"Just to ask him what to do
 All the day,
 And to make you quickened through
 To obey.
 Just to know the needed grace
 He bestoweth,
 Every bar of time and place
 Overfloweth.
 Just to take thy orders straight
 From the Master's own command.
 Blessed day! when thus we wait
 Always at our Sovereign's hand.

"Just to recollect his love,
 Always true;
 Always shining from above,
 Always new.
 Just to recognize its light
 All-enfolding;
 Just to claim its present might,
 All-upholding.
 Just to know it as thy own,
 That no power can take away;
 Is not this enough alone
 For the gladness of the day?

"Just to trust, and yet to ask
 Guidance still;
 Take the training or the task,
 As he will.
 Just to take the loss or gain,
 As he sends it;
 Just to take the joy or pain
 As he lends it;
 He who formed thee for his praise
 Will not miss the gracious aim;
 So today and all thy days
 Shall be molded for the same.

"Just to leave in his dear hand
 Little things;
 All we cannot understand,
 All that stings.
 Just to let him take the care
 So sorely pressing,
 Finding all we let him bear
 Changed to blessing.
 This is all! and yet the way
 Marked by him who loves thee best:
 Secret of a happy day,
 Secret of his promised rest."

I am sure we can not fail to get comfort if we study earnestly some of the rules laid down by this brilliant and spiritual woman as guaranteeing a happy day. The first suggestion is that a rebellious life can never be happy, but that a complete surrender to God is certain to bring peace. This is the first note struck.

"Just to let thy Father do
 What he will;
 Just to know that he is true,
 And be still."

So long as in our thoughts we rebel against the Lord, the spirit will chafe and fret; and however silent we may be about it, there will be no real peace and comfort of soul. But the moment we surrender ourselves completely to God, entirely willing to do what he wishes, accepting his will as the best thing that could happen, all chafing and fretting and discord will cease in our hearts.

Campbell Morgan has coined a new word, or rather adapted an old word, to bring out the idea of consecration. He says that we ought to "abandon" our lives unto God. He means by this what was meant by the old, much-abused word, "consecration." That is exactly the idea of the poem we are studying. If we just give up our will to God, to do what he asks of us, to accept what he gives us, to throw ourselves with whole-hearted enthusiasm into his purpose for us, then we shall have peace, and we shall have one of the secrets of a happy day.

A second suggestion is that a faith in God's providential care cannot fail to give peace. This is put in a very picturesque and suggestive way.

"Just to tell him everything
 As it rises,
 And at once to him to bring
 All surprises."

What a beautiful way of putting it that is, and what an insight into life it shows! The hardest things for us to bear are the surprises that come to us in the way of disappointment. Some trials we have been anticipating, and we are braced for the shock; but other troubles come upon us like a cyclone on a western prairie. It surely will comfort us to feel that God is not surprised. Any new storm that rises on the horizon, that we have not been looking for, we can turn over to God. The Lord's mercies are new every morning, and they can take care of these new and surprising difficulties. Do not imagine it is all over with you

because there comes upon you some sudden weakness or depression of spirit which makes you cowardly and ready to faint. Did not Elijah break down and go to the desert in the midst of the greatest work of his life? But he came back through God's mercies to greater triumphs.

RAPHAEL'S DISCOURAGEMENTS.

258

There is a touching little story of the artist Raphael, that when he was in the midst of his work on what is perhaps the greatest painting ever created by man, the Transfiguration, he was depressed by sudden and awful discouragement. He sat down and burst into tears and said, "I am not a painter; I can not complete it." But God was good to him, and after awhile the tired nerves were rested, the brain got back its clear vision, the heart was inspired again, and the hand became skillful for the wonderful work of creation. Let God take care of the "surprises."

There is another interesting suggestion here, that in order to find happiness day by day we must have in our hearts the assurance that God will give us added grace at any time when we need it for emergencies. A man can be perfectly happy though he feels that today he has not the grace to bear some great burden that does not yet rest on his shoulders, provided he believes that God will answer his prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." Miss Havergal puts it this way:

"Just to know the needed grace
He bestoweth,
Every bar of time and place
Overfloweth."

You do not know how to appreciate that poetical figure unless you have known something about steamboating on southern or western rivers. The difficulties of life are compared to sand-bars in the river. When there is a long dry spell the sand-bar which is far out of sight in the depth in the full flood tide of the winter or springtime currents comes close to the surface in the hot summer months when the river is low. Here comes the steamer up the river; yonder, just ahead, is the gravel-bar or the sand-bar which the captain fears, and he puts a sailor out on the side of the deck to drop a line weighted with a lump of lead and to call out the number of feet of water over the bar. And if it keeps deep enough to cross the critical point and begins to grow deeper again then the captain utters a sigh of relief. That is the figure of the poet. We shall be happy, no matter what sand-bars are ahead of us, if we know, deep down in our hearts, that in times of greater need God will give us more grace, and that he will give us enough of the water of life to overflow "every bar of time and place."

Our poet declares that if we would fill each day with gladness we must keep our hearts warm by reflecting on the personal love of God—

"Just to recollect his love,
Always true;
Always shining from above,
Always new."

If we keep the great truth of God's love for us constantly alive in our hearts by meditations on his goodness, we shall have a light in us which will illuminate every dark place.

HE HAD THE LIGHT.

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Rev. F. B. Meyer says that one night in London he got into an omnibus where the darkness was only dimly illuminated with one weak oil lamp. He paid the fare, received a punctured ticket to indicate how far he might go, and being very weary, fell into a kind of uncomfortable doze. Suddenly the inspector, whose habit it is to waylay the omnibuses and leap on them unawares with the object of testing the honesty of the conductors, sprang on the steps, entered, and asked the passengers to show their tickets. Meyer said to himself: It is quite useless for you to ask this; for, if we produce them, there is not light enough to indicate whether they have been duly stamped. While he was meditating, he noticed that the man struck a little spring on his breast, and suddenly a globe of delicate glass was filled with the glow of electric light which shone like a star on his face and on the passengers and illumined the entire vehicle. It was very significant to notice that the man carried on his own heart and breast the light by which he did his work. It seemed to Dr. Meyer to illustrate the text, "In thy light shall we see light." If we keep our hearts warm in the love of God, so that we are able to exult in the personal consciousness that God loves us, we shall carry with us everywhere a glow by which the darkness will be made light and obscure things become visible.

Another feature of a happy day, according to Miss Havergal, is to realize that life is, after all, a rehearsal, a training; and that the training we get in defeat is just as valuable for the great purposes of life as training given in success. If you are getting ready for a ball game it makes no difference whether you get beaten in the rehearsal or not, so long as you become skillful in the art of the game. If we thus keep the great end in view, defeat can not spoil our happiness. We are getting ready for heaven, and wide observation and experience show us that the most beautiful spiritual graces are often, like the lotus flowers in Japan, grown in dark places of poverty and out of the most forbidden conditions. Who cares for the former surroundings when the beautiful flower is before him? And what will

the Christian care when he stands in Zion, and before God, with the Master's "well done" in his ears, and his hand of loving benediction on his head? We must keep that in our minds if we would make the dark days bright. How well the poet puts it:

"Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still;
Take the training or the task,
As he will.
✓ Just to take the loss or gain
As he lends it;
Just to take the joy or pain
As he lends it."

There is another suggestion, perhaps as important as any we have noticed, in assuring a happy day. That is, to let God take care of the little, gnat-like, mosquito-like annoyances of life. When you eliminate these little petty things through which we so often give up our souls to wrath, we have taken out of the Christian's path a large part of his unhappiness. How beautifully she portrays it:

"Just to leave in his dear hand
Little things;
All we can not understand,
All that stings."

✓ The Guests at a Prince's Wedding Feast.

"And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment. . . . And he was speechless."—Matthew 22: 11, 12.

There is no more striking story in literature than this story which Jesus tells of the wedding of the king's son. The prince, the heir-apparent to the throne, was to be married, and the king proposed to give a great feast in his honor in connection with the wedding. The invitations were sent out to many noted and distinguished guests; but for some reason they would not come. The king was not easily insulted, and sent a second time to remind his guests that the time of the wedding feast had arrived, and that the banquet awaited their coming. Some of the guests laughed at the king's message, and made light of it, while others, more vengeful and wicked in spirit, took the servants and beat them, and some of them were killed. When the king heard of it, he sent forth an army of troops to destroy the town in which they lived and to punish them severely.

The king then decided that his son's wedding should not be without the honor of the usual feast, and that since the guests who had first been invited had proved so unworthy, he would send out into the highways, and along the hedge-rows, and gather up the poor and the hungry, the people who would be glad to get a good meal, and furnish the table with guests who would at least have the grace of gratitude. And so the servants went forth and gathered in every ragged and hungry man they could find until the table was crowded.

Of course these people had no opportunity to make special preparations in the way of clothing, and many of them, no doubt most of them, had no clothing that would be appropriate to wear at the wedding feast of a prince. The king thought of this, and provided wedding garments for all his guests, and on their arrival at the palace they were met by the servants with the proffer of everything that they needed to make them fit to sit down at the table of a king.

It speaks well for that crowd, gathered up as they were from the highways, of all classes of people, that all but one availed themselves of this gracious provision of the monarch. But there was one man in whom all the kindlier graces seem to have died. His heart was hard and unthankful. He took what he could get, without gratitude, and in his self-will and pride, God knows he had little enough to be proud of, and he refused to do anything that would show kindness toward another. Of all the people one meets, these are the saddest specimens of human life. So we can see this man, as he comes in in his rags and dirt, and when he is met by the attendant with the offer of the wedding garment, and the beautiful privileges of the palace to make his toilet, so that he shall appear a respectable guest in the king's house, he refuses with a curse. "The king invited me here to a feast," he said, "and I am hungry enough to eat what he has, but I'll not wear his garments, nor duck my head in any sort of obeisance to him." And so he strides on into the dining-room, and rudely presses into the best seat he can find at the table.

When all are served, the king comes in to do honor to the occasion and to meet his guests. His eye glances round the table with a look of benevolent satisfaction. His kind and gracious heart rejoices that his son's wedding feast should give happiness to so many people to whom happiness is by no means a steady companion. But suddenly there is a look of pained astonishment on the king's face. There, in a conspicuous place at the table, sits a surly-looking man, clad in garments which are filthy and ragged, his tousled hair uncombed, his face and hands unwashed, eating as though he had come out of the gutter to the table. The king calls an attendant, and pointing to him, says, "How does this come? Was not every one of the guests offered a wedding garment and opportunities to properly cleanse and prepare himself for the feast?" "Yes, your Majesty," replied the attendant,

who had supervision of the feast, "but that man whom you notice refused with a curse the proffer of a wedding garment, and rudely said he would eat your feast, but he would not wear your colors or do anything to show respect for you."

A stern look now came into the monarch's face. He strode down the room till he was opposite the offender, and then said to him, not angrily, but with a voice of earnestness that riveted every eye upon him: "Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment?" The king was not going to condemn him unheard. There might have been some ignorance, or some explanation, and so he accosts him as a "friend," and gives the man a chance for his life. But face to face with the king, the offender was speechless. He had no excuse to make. His sin had overtaken him, and he was taken away to prison in shame and disgrace.

Now Jesus Christ says that the kingdom of heaven is like that. God has made a wedding feast for his Son and he has bidden all mankind. There is no caste or aristocracy about the invitations to the marriage supper of the Lamb. The poorest man has just as tender and loving an invitation as the richest. The man who has been broken on the wheel of misfortune, or who has been stained with outbreking sins, nevertheless has his invitation to come to the King's palace, to put off his rags and his filth, and find himself cleansed, and purified, and arrayed in garments of righteousness. How rich these invitations are! Here is one of them in Isaiah:

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." How could there be a more gracious invitation, or one that would make it surer that the most discouraged and sinful man is invited to the marriage supper of our Lord Jesus Christ?

Who are the people that are rightfully represented by this man who thrust himself forward to the king's table, but at the same time refused the wedding garment?

First, every man who receives the blessings and mercies of his daily life without returning sincere and loving thanks to God is at the feast of life with no wedding garment. Everything we have comes from God as his gift. The sunshine is God's gift. The rain and the snow that water the earth and make it fruitful are God's gifts. The strength to toil, the wisdom to plan, are God's gifts to us. The wonderful combination of the senses, through which we are able to hear and see and enjoy the sights and sounds and harmonies of the world in which we live, are God's gifts and a part of the feast of life. All the faculties by which through friendship and sympathy and love we take comfort and happiness in one another are a part of the gracious feast of life to which we have been invited by the King of kings. And when a man takes all these things, takes them even aggressively, as though they belonged to him, and yet takes them as the churl without a word of thanksgiving to the great King whose benevolence and loving kindness has bestowed them upon him, is he not acting in the same hard and unthankful way as that rough coarse fellow from the street who refused to clothe himself appropriately to sit at the king's table? It cannot but be degrading and hardening to any man or woman to receive the great mercies of God without gratitude and worship. If this pictures your case, then I pray God that shame may mantle your cheek and that there may rise up in your heart a purpose to no longer live in such a mean attitude toward your Heavenly Father.

Every one who comes into the house of God, where Christians are lifting their hearts in sincere worship hoping to meet the King and feast upon the smiles of his countenance and give back to him the tenderest gratitude, and yet lifts no heart of thanksgiving to God, is at the King's feast without the wedding garment. To regard the church service as a matter of entertainment or culture simply, whether it be in the music or the speaking or the social fellowship, without having tender regard to the wishes of God, seeking to show respect and honor and love to him, is to sit at the King's table in the filthy rags of one's own self-righteousness, having refused the King's garment.

This is especially true in times of revival, when invitations are going forth not only from the preacher in the pulpit and from Christian friends, but invitations from the very heart of God, borne by the invisible Spirit, wooing the heart to turn away from the filth of sin and yield to the persuasions of the King and enter upon the feast with joy and gladness. I am sure the King's messenger has found some of your hearts with his invitations in the last few days. On the highway and along the hedge-row of sorrow and sin, of doubt and fear and selfishness, God's swift-winged messenger has found his way to your heart. He has borne you God's invitation to come to the feast of salvation, and he bids me to continue the invitation tonight, and assure you that it is God's will for you to "Come, for all things are now ready." And with all these invitations in your ears, and while some about you are making ready, while others are casting away their rags of self-righteousness and their torn and spotted robes of sin, and are putting on the white garments of forgiveness and love, fitting themselves to feast at the King's table, to do honor to the marriage of the Prince, your Savior and Lord, you refuse it all, and thrust aside the proffers of the wedding garment, and sit at the table in your sins.

But at last, as the supper drew near to its close, the King came in. Then came sorrow and trouble and speechless anguish to the man who had been guilty of such sins and folly. He had sinned against benevolence and love and he now had no excuse to offer when swift and terrible judgment came upon him. Dear friends, the feast of life is passing; swiftly one course after another is being taken from the table; many things that were possible for you twenty years ago, ten years ago, five years ago, it may be only one year ago, are not pos-

sible for you now, and never can come back to you again. As a man rudely putting aside some course in a dinner until the servants take it away and the dinner proceeds finds no way of going back to it again, however much he may desire to do so, so you and I, standing where we are now, can see that the feast of life is swiftly going past us. The King will soon come in to look over his guests, and to give the crowning experience to the great feast, in the honor and glory of his presence. How will it be with you when the King comes in? Have you on the wedding garment? Have you permitted God's attendants to cleanse and purify your souls and fit you to do honor to the holy feast? I press these questions home upon your heart. The time will soon pass when it will be profitable to ask them. For when the King comes in to close the feast, and we are ushered into eternity, then we must give an account of our stewardship and of our character. Surely we have opportunities and privileges to know our duty. The Bible with all its light and revelation is an open book to us. Christ walks today in mercy and benevolence, in books and papers, and in living ministries on every hand. The Holy Spirit has spoken to you again and again, and tonight as God's ambassador I come with the message from your Heavenly Father, to entreat you to put away your sins and clothe yourself with the garments of heaven. To do that you need only to put yourself into the hands of the King's servants. Repent of your sins, turn away from them, obey Christ, and God will send his angels to clothe you with the beautiful graces of the Spirit.

"Everyday Birds," by Bradford Torrey, is a book that has a permanent value, and although it may be read through time and again, it is always new, especially after a walk in the fields. Henry Van Dyke in the "Foot-path to Peace," says that we should be in God's out-of-doors as much as possible. The greatest out-door charm is the birds. Mr. Torrey will tell you things about them not found elsewhere. The book contains colored plates from Audobon. Houghton-Mifflin Co., Boston. Price \$1.

PATRIARCH'S FORGETFULNESS.

A benevolent lady had given to a pious old colored man a large print-copy of the new testament. As she saw him, one day, puzzling over the first chapter of Matthew she said, "Well, Pete, how do you like it?"

"Fac' is, missus," was the reply, "dem fellers got no min'; dey done 'member nuffin'. Dar wuz Abraham, he fergot Isaac; an' Isaac, he fergot Jacob; an' Jacob, he fergot Judas an' his brudderin'."

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